THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIX. ROBERT BONNER, {PUBLISHER, 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, MAY 9, 1863 TERMS, {$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 10.

THE PILGRIM TO PALESTINE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Pilgrim to Palestine, thou art not envied,
Though thou art bound to a glorious shrine,
Shrine where Saints, Prophets and fire-wreathed martyrs
Hallowed of old!

II.

Pilgrim to Palestine! I too shall visit
Shrines full of holiness, shrines full of light,
Shrines of the woodland, where mystical voices
Jubilate Spring.

III.

There sinless thoughts are wreathed bright mid the branches;
There sing the waters of sacred content;
There chant the winds on their great forest-organs
The merciful God.

IV.

There have the poets in ecstasy wandered;
There have they found a miraculous place
Where Nature's angels mould soul-shaking wonders,
Praises of HIM.

V.

Pilgrim to Palestine, thine's a grand mission,
Gazing on footprints the Holy One made:
But the Spring-Forest has also Shekinahs
Glowing with God!

THE FORTUNES OF CONRAD.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT BRITTANY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW TROOP.

Prince Bertrand did not lie long bound as his captor had left him. Master Poins had not been quite so senseless as he had appeared. He had, in reality, recovered his senses in season to see his master disarmed and bound; but a regard for his own safety had suggested to him the propriety of remaining quiet until the dreadful mountaineer had gone. As soon as Conrad had disappeared he arose to his feet, and approached the spot where the prince lay; and when the illustrious prisoner had been released from his bonds, his first effort of returning power was to curse his attendant. Poins bore it with becoming fortitude, outwardly begging for mercy, but inwardly thanking his stars that the sword of the mountaineer had spared him to be the recipient of the prince's curses.

After a while, however, Bertrand had cursed enough, and his next idea was concerning the man who had so humbled him. He would have followed him if he had dared; but his cooler judgment told him that his purpose of vengeance would best be served by proceeding cautiously.

"Of one thing," said he, to his companion, "I am certain: This fellow is no common mountaineer."

"Who is he?" asked Poins, with honest simplicity.

"That is what I am determined to find out. But we can learn nothing here. I know where the rascal lives; and Adolphe informed me that an old man and woman were left in charge of the premises. Of this couple I will gain the information I seek. Come—let us be moving. Does your head pain you much?"

Poins groaned terribly, for he was just beginning to realize how badly his head was bruised. Returning sense brought with it the power to feel the pain. He went down to the river and bathed the wounds, and when he had bound a scarf about his head, he mounted a horse, and set off by the side of his master. After a smart ride of three hours they reached the town of Montfort, where they rested until nine o'clock of the following forenoon. Then they set forth again, and towards noon they met a party of six armed men, well mounted, and wearing the badges of the prince's followers.

"Ha!—Bernardo—is this you?" cried Bertrand, as he recognized the leader of the party.

"Yes, my lord."

"And whither go you?"

"Did you not bid me follow you, by this road, to the confines of Normandy?"

"Ah, yes—I remember. By Saint Michael! this is most fortunate." Then turning to Poins, he added:

"You and I will be saved some trouble. I will have that old man and woman brought to me at my castle of Montevere; and, on the whole, I think the plan will be a good one. They had better not be at home when Master Conrad returns; for I have no great desire that the fellow's story should be told to too many."

"But he will tell his story at Rennes," suggested Poins.

"Of course he will; but I apprehend that the duke's people will not be in a hurry to circulate it. Nevertheless, I will break up this nest; and I'll have Master Conrad under my thumb; and, as a commencement, I'll secure these two old ones who have charge of his family secrets. He a mountaineer! The thing is preposterous. He is something more than he appears; and what he is I am determined to know."

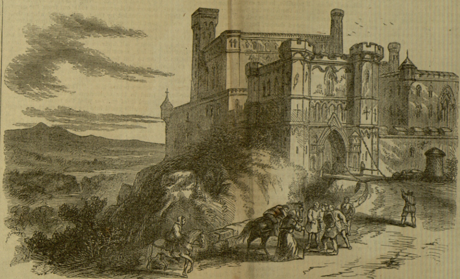
"Have you orders for us, my lord?" asked Bernardo, as the prince turned towards him again.

"Yes,—and important ones, too. In the forest to the north-west, there is a cot; and in that cot there are an old man and an old woman. I want them brought to me at my castle of Montevere. The place is not more than eight or nine leagues away, and you can easily reach it, and secure the prize, and join me at Montevere by midnight. I shall then have further work for you."

"In what direction lies the next movement?"

"In the same. After you have brought away this old man and woman, you will return and wait for a young villain who will be likely to wander back there in a day or two. This youngster's name is Conrad; and if you find it necessary to inquire for the cot, you will ask for the residence of Conrad."

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1863, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



CONRAD ARRIVING WOUNDED AT THE CASTLE OF RENNES.

"I think I can find the place," said Bernardo.

"You cannot help it. But I part with you not quite yet. Face about your troop, and follow me."

It was a custom of the prince's, when abroad on his excursions, to have small parties of his best men-at-arms scouring through the country upon the roads he was likely to travel; for he often found use for them. And these soldiers were ready and anxious to serve him. They never asked themselves what was right, or what was wrong, so long as the prince had ordered it. This was not because they loved the prince; but it was very evident that the prince of to-day was soon to be king; and then those who had served him faithfully would stand in the way of reward. So Bertrand had plenty of willing tools, for he held high office in the army, and half the soldiers were at his command.

At the distance of two leagues the party reached a small river, where the prince pulled up and addressed his officer:

"Here, Bernardo, we separate. You will follow this stream towards the north, for I am very sure that these waters roll through the vale in which Conrad's hut stands. I do not think you can miss the way."

"There is no danger of that, my master."

"Then you understand what you are to do?"

"I am to bring an old man and woman to you, at the castle of Montevere."

"Exactly."

"But had I better not know the names of these people?"

"Aye—I forgot that. Let's see:—their names are——"

Poins came to his assistance.

"The old man's name is Francesco, and the old woman's is Marguerite."

"Those are the names," added the prince; "and now to your work."

"One word," said Bernardo: "Am I to treat them as friends?"

The prince was still smarting under the memory of the treatment he had received at the hands of Conrad, and the spirit of vengeance extended even to those who had reared the daring youth.

"No!" he thundered, bringing his clenched fist down upon the pommel of his saddle. "They are the nurses of vipers!—You would not be unnecessarily severe to a dog; but you would not allow a dog to snarl and bite."

"I understand," returned Bernardo; "and your commands shall be obeyed."

The prince and Poins forded the stream, and kept on to the westward, while the six men-at-arms turned to the northward.

Bernardo kept on at a good pace for an hour, or more, when he arrived at a point where two streams came together, and where there appeared to be two well-trodden paths. He forded the stream to the right, and followed the other. At the end of another hour he concluded that he ought to be somewhere very near to the place he sought. In a little while he came to an open space, where he met a boy, with a bow in his hand, a quiver of arrows at his back, and a brace of hares over his shoulder.

"Hark'e, boy! Do you know where a youth, named Conrad, lives?"

"Yes, sir,—I know where he lives when he is at home."

The little fellow had a keen eye, and he surveyed the armed party very narrowly.

"Where is his cot?"

"Not on this road, sir."

"Ha,—have we come out of our way?"

"That depends upon which point you started from."

"We came from the south."

"Up the river?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you find two roads below here?"

"Where the two streams come together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes."

"Well, sir,—you took the wrong road. Your quickest way to reach the cot is to go back and commence over again."

"But there must be some way to cut off such a tramp."

"Not unless your horses can climb over perpendicular walls of rock, and pick their way through woods where a [illegible] would lose himself."

Bernardo uttered a second oath, and then ordered his men to turn.

"Don't you mean to pay me anything for my information?" asked the boy.

"Not for such information as that," growled the officer; and, without further remark, he turned his horse and galloped off, followed by his companions.

The boy watched the troop until they were out of sight, and then went on his way, muttering to himself and shaking his head. In less than half an hour he was at the cot in the vale, where he found old Francesco just coming out, on his way to the cave.

"Ah, Simon—is this you?"

"Yes, good father."

"You are on the wrong track for home."

"Not so far on the wrong track as are some others I wot of."

"But it is late for you to be wandering, Simon. Your mother will be watching for you."

"I came, father, to ask your pardon for a falsehood I have been telling. Listen: Not far from here, and not more than half an hour ago, I met six armed men. They were villainous-looking fellows, whose dark eyes flashed mischief; and I knew that they belonged to the roving band that I have heard you speak of—the band that goes about when the wicked prince has bad work to do. The leader of these men asked me if I knew where Conrad lived; he wanted to find the cot. I didn't like the looks of the men; and I didn't like the tones of the leader's voice; and I set them on the wrong track."

"Why did you that, my son?"

"Simply that I might come and inform you of what was going on. I suppose they will find you; but you will have had warning, and may be prepared."

"And for what do you imagine I can be prepared?"

"Indeed, good father, I cannot tell. Perhaps I did very wrong."

"No, no, Simon. I thank you for your thoughtfulness; and though your effort may prove of no advantage to me, yet I appreciate your kind intention."

Francesco walked some distance with the boy toward his home, questioning him, as he went, touching the interview with the armed men. Simon had but little to tell in addition to what he had already related. The old man thanked him once more, and assured him that he had done nothing wrong; after which he left the lad to pursue his way alone.

"I will say nothing of this to Marguerite," said Francesco to himself. "There may be nothing out of the way. This may be a portion of the party that Conrad went to guide into Mayenne."

The old man was not given to useless surmising, nor to groundless fears; and he very soon resolved that he would wait until the men-at-arms themselves made their appearance.

The evening passed away; the night came and went; and another day drew near to its close.

"It could have been nothing very important that those men wanted."

The hermit had scarcely murmured these words when he beheld six men approaching from the wood. They were soldiers, and the old man quickly discovered, by their uniforms, that they belonged to the private corps of the prince. Marguerite, who had been all day long on the watch for Conrad, heard the tramp of heavy feet, and came out from the cot just as the men arrived.

"Is this the place where a youth named Conrad lives?" asked Bernardo.

"This is the place," replied Francesco, regarding his interlocutor narrowly, and then sweeping his eye over the others.

"Is your name Francesco?"

"It is."

"And is this woman's name Marguerite?"

"It is." The old campaigner was a rare hand at reading human faces, and he was not many seconds in making up his mind that six wretches stood before him. Their characters were, to him, *plainly written in their looks. They were bold men; but not brave men. They were stubborn, wilful men; but not sternly honest.* They were soldiers, and might as well have worn the garb of brigands.

"Francesco and Marguerite, you must go with us."

"Ha!" The old man started. "Whither go we?"

"You shall find out when you get there."

"I do not comprehend you, sir. If you wish us to accompany you, you must be more explicit."

"We'll be explicit when the time comes; but for the present we have had just about as much perplexity as we can bear. We've been hunting for you since yesterday noon; and I verily believe that just four-and-twenty hours ago we were within less than half-a-league of here."

"You must have taken a roundabout way, then."

"Aye—we did. A young imp, in the shape of a boy, set us on the wrong track. But we've found you at length, and you will make haste to go with us."

"You will tell me what this means before we go."

"No,—I havn't time."

"Are we to be prisoners?"

"That is as you please to take it."

"By what authority do you come hither upon such an errand?"

"No matter. Are you ready to go with us?"

Francesco's blood began to boil. What could be the meaning of all this?

"Look ye," he cried, starting back and drawing himself defiantly up, "I know that you are servants of Prince Bertrand. Has the prince sent you upon this errand?"

"We came not here to be questioned," replied Bernardo, angrily. "By the gods! we have had trouble enough in finding you, and we don't choose to have more trouble in accomplishing our purpose, now that you are found. If you have horses at hand you may ride; otherwise we must provide some other way."

At this juncture Marguerite sank upon her knees.

"In mercy's name, gentlemen, drag me not from my home!" she cried, raising her clasped hands toward the soldiers. "What have I done? Why would you take me away?"

"Stop the witch's mouth!" cried one of the heaviest of the ruffians, with a brutal oath. 'Fore God, we'll be on the road the whole of another night."

"Lay not a hand upon her!" exclaimed the old man, as one of the soldiers started towards the kneeling woman. He had his heavy staff in his hand, and as he spoke he raised it above his head.

"By Saint Michael!" growled Bernardo, "the old dog means to bite! We must make quick work of this."

Five of them sprang upon Francesco, wrenching the staff from his grasp and bearing him to the ground. They leaped for him while he was looking towards the woman, or they might have had more trouble; and, even as it was, they found some difficulty in binding him. But the work was at length accomplished; and, as the old man was lifted to his feet and led away, two of the ruffians seized upon the woman and dragged her on after her companion.

CHAPTER XI.

UPON THE ROCKS.

Conrad approached the scene of this outrage at a gallop, and as his eye caught the uniforms of the ruffians he recognized them as belonging to the same tribe of villains as had belonged to those who had already crossed his path. And more than this, the thought flashed upon him that they had come directly from the prince; he was sure that such was the case—as sure as he could be of anything of which his senses had not taken direct cognizance.

"Hold there!" he shouted, reining in his horse close upon the leader of the gang. "What foul doing is this?"

The voice was one of authority and power, and the men stopped and looked up; but when they saw the humble garb of the speaker they started to move on again.

"Don't stop," said Bernardo. "I will look to this young gentleman."

Conrad leaped from his horse, and sprang to Francesco's side. His first impulse, as his feet touch the ground, had been to draw his sword; but another thought came in its place. Before those who led the prisoner could divine what was meant, the youth had drawn his dagger, and cut the cord that bound the old man's arms. It was but the work of an instant, performed as quickly as it had been conceived; and before the soldiers could discover what had been done, Conrad had leaped back and drawn his sword.

"Rash boy, what would you do?" cried Bernardo.

"Thus will I do!" spoke the youth, cleaving the skull of the man who held Francesco's right arm.

As the fellow dropped, senseless and powerless, Conrad passed a quick word into his old tutor's ear:

"The sword! The sword!"

Francesco needed not a second hint. He shook off the grasp of the ruffian from his left arm, and, with a movement as nimble and brisk as sprightliest youth, he grasped the sword of the fallen man, and darted to the side of his friend and pupil.

"Look ye," exclaimed Conrad. "Hold!—One word!"

Bernardo had started towards him, but at that motion he stopped—stopped in spite of himself. He was like a man suddenly brought from pitchy darkness into the full glare of day. The movements of the new-comer had flashed upon him so like a lightning-bolt that his mind was for the moment unseated. Hence he stopped the more readily at the word of command; and his companions gathered about him, one only remaining a few paces away in charge of Marguerite.

"You are servants of the prince Bertrand, and have been sent by that person to carry off these old people," continued our hero, as the men-at-arms came to a stand-still.

"Very well," replied Bernardo. "Suppose it is so?"

"I know it is so."

"And I can tell you one thing more, my youthful cut-throat: You will go with them."

"Aye," cried Conrad, "I mean to do that very thing; but, mark me, we go not with you."

By this time the officer had fully recovered himself, and raised his sword for work.

"Do not hesitate," whispered Conrad, into Francesco's ear. "I know these fellows. I have a wonderful thing to tell you. We must cut them down!"

The old man needed no further inducement. His blood was up, and the fire of other days carried strength and will to his arm.

"Surrender!" ordered Bernardo. "We would not take your lives."

"Then go, and leave us in peace," replied Conrad.

The officer laughed.

"We are not boys," he said.

"Nor are you men," was Conrad's quick retort. "You are villains and cowards, or you would not be thus dragging away two grey-haired old people as though they were dogs!"

"That word seals your doom!"

So spoke Bernardo, with all the confidence of a master; and as the words passed his lips, he sprang forward. He had not prepared for conflict, for he thought he had only an inexperienced youth to deal with. He beheld a form of power and beauty, but he did not think of there being anything more. He struck at Conrad's sword, as though he would simply knock it down; and that stroke was his last. His own weapon was caught, as though in a whirlwind, and in a moment more he was borne back with the blade of his opponent through his neck.

"Strike! strike!" cried Conrad, as he shook the leader of the gang from his sword. "I know these men. We must conquer them, or die!"

Francesco was once more a soldier; and the master who taught Conrad how to use the sword, now gave proof that he could work as well as play. The men-at-arms were bunglers, at best; and in this sort of combat they were decidedly the weaker party. Conrad moved to and fro with the rapidity of thought, keeping his enemies all the time before him; and that grey-haired old man, who, but a short time since, was being dragged helpless away, now fought like a hero in his prime. At one time Conrad was opposed to two of the rascals, while a third attacked Francesco. This latter ruffian was by far the best swordsman of his party, and he had some wit, too. He fought entirely upon the defensive, moving backward in a circle, and never offering to make a lunge nor to strike a blow. By and by he had contrived to work around to the rear of the youth, and then his object became apparent. With a tiger-like bound he left the old man, and sprang upon Conrad's back.

Francesco saw the movement at its start, and cried out to his pupil. Conrad heard the cry in season to swing around, thereby avoiding a thrust which had been aimed at his side. In another moment master and pupil were together, and two of the enemy went down beneath their trenchant blades.

Five of the ruffians lay stretched upon the greensward, and the sixth threw down his sword, and begged for mercy.

"Hold!" exclaimed Francesco.

"Fear not," replied Conrad, lowering his point. "I strike not an unarmed man."

The battle was over, and while Conrad led his mother back to the cot, Francesco took the only living one of the enemy in charge. When the youth returned, the prisoner was sharply questioned, and he told his story honestly.

"You met the prince not far from Montfort, you say?" remarked Conrad, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir. We met him and Poins."

"Yesterday noon?"

"Just before noon, I think."

"And but for the mistake of the boy you would have taken this old man and woman away yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"To the castle of Montevere, I think you said?"

"Yes."

"And the prince is waiting there for you?"

"We were to meet him there."

"That is enough. You need have no fear. We shall not harm you; but for the present we mean to keep you safely under our care."

The prisoner had a slight wound upon the shoulder, and when this had been dressed, he was bound, hand and foot, and carried to one of the outbuildings, where he was left to his own reflections.

When Conrad and Francesco returned to the cot the shades of night had gathered over the vale, and Marguerite, who had been in no way harmed, soon brought in a lighted candle. The good dame had not been bodily injured, but she was nevertheless weak from excitement and fear, though she breathed easier when she found that her friends were safe.

"Now, my son," said the old man, as soon as they were seated, "I am anxious to hear the meaning of all this; for I know that you have a story to tell."

"Aye, father,—I have a story; and a wonderous one it is, too."

And thereupon the youth went on and related all his adventures, from the time of starting off with Baptiste and Adolphe, up to his arrival at the cot an hour before. Marguerite sat, pale and trembling, with her hands folded in her lap; while Francesco seemed more inclined to admiration and astonishment; rather dwelling, during the recital, upon the brilliancy of his pupil's deeds, than upon the danger incurred. But when the story had been concluded, and the old man had had time for reflection, a cloud came upon his brow, and a look of trouble settled upon his face.

"Merciful Heavens!" gasped Marguerite, "what shall we do! O, the boy must not be taken from us!"

"My mother," said Conrad, "you fear something more than mere danger to my person."

"I fear everything!" cried the woman, wringing her hands in agony.

"Hush, good sister, "interposed the hermit. "We may avoid the danger you fear."

"But how shall we avoid it? They boy will be dragged forth, and——"

"Stop, Marguerite. Say no more."

Conrad understood too much of this.

"Look ye," he said, addressing Francesco: "There was one thing of which I did not tell you. The Duke of Rennes, when he had taken a fair view of my face, seemed struck by something which he saw there; and he asked me if I was sure that Marguerite was my mother."

Marguerite uttered a low, quick cry of alarm, and Francesco shrugged his shoulders.

"And, furthermore," pursued Conrad, "he seemed to remember you, good Francesco. In short, there was something in my appearance which seemed to perplex him; and I am sure that his questions and behavior did much perplex *me*."

"Indeed, Conrad," replied the old man, earnestly and solemnly, "I cannot tell you what the duke may have suspected. For the present let us attend to other things. We have enough to think of without dragging up matters of mystery. Is it not plain to you that we are all three in danger?"

"Certainly, father. I cannot hope that the wicked prince will allow us to dwell here in peace."

"Most assuredly he will not; and our only plan of safety is, to get away from here as soon as possible. Bertrand has too many tools at his command for us to brave him. I am in favor of going this very night. It seems that these soldiers were sent upon us yesterday; and had they met with no trouble they would have delivered us up to their master many hours ago. Should more men-at-arms be sent this way, the prince will learn that he has new cause of vengeance against us."

"Yes, yes," cried Marguerite, "we must leave this place to-night."

"And whither will you go?" asked Conrad.

"To the Abbey of Saint Aubin," answered Francesco. "Dagobert will give us safe shelter."

Our hero thought as did the others. There could be no further safety for them at the cot, and the sooner they got away the better.

"The night is likely to prove fair," he said; "and we may reach Rennes before morning. Aye—we can rest there some hours before day, if we let our horses go at their own speed. I suppose you intend to go by the way of Rennes?"

"That is the best road, certainly."

Marguerite needed no inducing. She had resolved that she would remain in the vale no longer, if she could get away; and the Abbey of Saint Aubin was the only place to which she thought of fleeing. So the arrangements were quickly made; and within an hour after they had entered the cot, Conrad and Francesco went out to prepare the horses. When they were ready to set forth, the prisoner was brought out, and his bonds taken off; and then the hermit asked him whither he intended to go.

"Can I have my horse?" the man asked.

"Certainly."

"Then I shall make the best of my way into Normandy. I have friends there."

"Do you mean to leave the prince?"

"Aye. I might as well take my own life, as to return to the prince with the answer I should be forced to carry."

Francesco believed that the fellow spoke the truth, and he was suffered to depart.

After this the old man and his pupil went out to the scene of the conflict, and dragged the five dead bodies down to the river, and then returned and assisted Marguerite to her saddle. They had little property of value to leave behind them, and as little to burden themselves with on their journey.

"Alas!" said the good woman, as they rode forth from the vale, "I fear that we shall never see this quiet retreat again; and something whispers to me that our period of repose is at an end."

"Courage, Marguerite. The good abbot can give us shelter for the present; and, if the need shall come, we can leave Brittany."

"You heard what Conrad said touching the duke's questions?"

"Yes."

Marguerite looked to see that the youth was beyond hearing, and then she proceeded:

"It is possible that Casimir already suspects."

"How can he suspect?"

"Is not the boy's face a tell-tale? Look at him, and remember how the duke met him—met him flushed with the pride of victory, and with the fire of the warrior in his eye. Remember—the duke knew his father——"

"Aye," said Francesco, thoughtfully; "the duke was one of his father's nearest friends."

"Certainly," responded Marguerite; "and I think the duke hath eyes. Think of it."

"You may be right, my sister," returned Francesco. "It may be that Casimir has some inkling of the truth."

"And if he has an inkling, may not others have the same? I tell thee, Francesco, we must flee from Brittany. Remember our promise."

"I do not forget it."

"You cannot forget it."

At this point in the conversation the road became wider, and Conrad fell back to Francesco's side, shortly after which the pace was increased to a gallop.

At midnight they reached Montfort, but made no stop. At a short distance beyond Montfort Conrad discovered that his horse began to grow lame. He stopped and examined the animal's feet; but could find no outward sign of trouble. An hour passed, and the lameness was too palpable to be mistaken. The right fore foot seemed to be weak, as though the ankle were sprained.

"I am sorry for the poor horse," said our hero, as Marguerite began to worry; "but I think he will carry me safely to Rennes."

"He is very lame," returned the dame, with much concern. She regarded accidents, in the pursuit of important purposes, as sure precursers of evil, and on the present occasion she was very anxious.

"We have not much further to go, good mother—not more than two leagues, at the outside. The beast will carry me through."

They were at the top of a hill, and when about half way down, the horse stumbled, and came nigh pitching upon his knees. Conrad drew the rein with a jerk, and, without thinking, gave a vigorous plunge with the spur. The beast leaped up, and dashed down the hill at the top of his speed. It was a rocky, uneven place; and when the horse next stumbled, which he did while under full headway, he went over upon his shoulder, throwing his rider off among the rocks by the roadside. Francesco hurried to the spot, where he found the horse dead, and Conrad insensible. The beast's neck was broken; and at first the fear fell like a thunderbolt upon the old man that his pupil was lost to him forever.

Marguerite was soon upon her knees by the side of fallen youth; and as she raised his head upon her lap, she discovered that blood was running down his face. A cry of alarm escaped her.

"Merciful Heaven! is this to be the last of the house!"

The agony of the woman caused Francesco to be more cool; and he suggested that they should find out as quickly as possible the nature of the injuries which their charge had received.

There was one wound upon the side of the head, from which the blood was flowing freely; but they could find no other hurt. This was bound up with a napkin and a scarf; and shortly afterwards Conrad opened his eyes, and spoke; but not with reason. He seemed to fancy that he was in the hands of Goliath and Baptiste, and he called the name of Rosaline. A little while he ran on thus, and then became again unconscious.

"We must take him to the nearest inn," said Marguerite.

"We will take him to the Castle of Rennes," returned Francesco.

"But—the duke——"

"Stop, good Marguerite. If the boy is to be long prostrated, he must be where his enemies cannot trouble him. If we take him to an inn, or to the cot of a peasant, the followers of the prince may find him; but if we take him to the castle, no danger from that source can reach him."

Marguerite saw and understood the force of her companion's reasoning, and she was consent to admit that the plan was proper.

So they placed Conrad upon the back of a horse, in as easy a position as possible, while Francesco walked by his side, carefully guarding against further accident.

CHAPTER XII.

NEED OF COURAGE.

When the Duke of Rennes was informed that Conrad du Nord had been brought to the court of the castle, wounded and insensible, he made as much haste to have the youth attended to as he would have made had the king been brought to his gates in like condition. It was early in the morning; but most of the inmates of the castle were stirring; and the youth was borne to a well-appointed chamber, where a physician belonging to the household was soon in attendance. Marguerite would not leave her charge until she knew the worst; so she remained by the bed, and helped the leech. The blood was washed from the head and face; and it was finally decided that the only serious injury was the wound already attended to. There were several bruises upon the back and left shoulder; but of a light character. After this conclusion had been arrived at restoratives were applied, and at length the patient opened his eyes.

The physician apprehended no great danger. He thought the youth would soon recover; but, for the present, to avoid fever, he recommended that as few should remain in the room as possible. So all went out save the doctor and Marguerite, some of the servants waiting near at hand to answer in case their services should be required.

The duke called Francesco to his own apartment, where he asked for an explanation of what he had seen. The old man commenced at the beginning, telling of the coming of the six men-at-arms to the cot; of the arrest of himself and Marguerite; of the timely arrival of Conrad; and of the battle, and its results, closing with an account of the accident by the road-side.

During the recital the duke watched the narrator very narrowly, seeming to study every change of his countenance.

"I think you were wise in leaving the cot," he said; "and it is fortunate that you have reached my castle. Had you been forced to seek shelter for the youth at any other place, there would have been danger. The truth is, my good sir, the prince is carrying a high, bold hand in Brittany. He is not only powerful with his own immediate followers, but he is gradually bending the retainers of the king to his purposes."

"I know that such is the case, my lord," returned Francesco, with a sad shake of the head; "and I only wonder that the king does not interpose his royal hand."

"Ah, Theobald is old."

"Not so old as I am by more than five years," cried the hermit; "and my arm is as strong; my eye as piercing; and my head as clear as when I served——"

"Served where?" asked the duke, as the old man hesitated.

"In the army, my lord."

"What army?"

"I know of but one army."

"But there are many departments to that army, my good Francesco. "I think you served in the household of the Duke Charles."

"Yes, my lord."

The old man seemed troubled as he replied, but Casimir passed lightly on, and relieved him from his disquietude.

"I can easily see how you have retained your faculties, father;—I can see that you have lived a life of sobriety and temperance, and that your passions have been kept under control; but it has not been so with the king. He never was a strong man. His brother Charles would have made a better king."

"Much better," respopded Francesco, reverentially.

"As it is," pursued the duke, "we must make the best of it. The prince's power, and for the present our young friend must be kept out of his way. I am glad Conrad is here. He has rendered me a most important service, and I cannot do too much for him. Trust this present injury may not prove serious."

Francesco hoped so, with all his heart.

"You were going to Saint Aubin, I think you said?" remarked Casimir.

"Yes, my lord. The abbot is a friend of mine."

"Very well,—this accident need not prevent you from pursuing your journey, if you are desirous of doing so."

"I am very desirous. I wish to see Dagobert."

At this juncture a servant came and announced that breakfast was ready, and the duke invited the old man to go down with him.

After breakfast the physician pronounced his patient out of danger; and before noon the youth was in perfect possession of his senses.

The lady Rosaline had been very anxious,—so anxious that she had not dared to question her father,—and when she heard the report of the physician she became bright and hopeful. At length she contrived to obtain an interview with Marguerite, from whom she gained the same story which Francesco had told to the duke; and when she had heard it Conrad stood higher, if possible, in her esteem than before.

On the following morning the physician announced that his patient was not only entirely beyond danger, but that with care, he would soon be well again. Francesco and Marguerite were consulting upon the course they had better pursue. The dame was very anxious to see the old abbot, and it was rather necessary that her companion should accompany her. The duke overheard them, and took the liberty to join them.

"If it is your wish to proceed to Saint Aubin," he said, "you need not wait here on Conrad's account. I will be responsible for his safe-keeping. He shall have the best of nursing, and in every respect he shall find himself at home."

"It is important that we should see the abbot," returned Francesco; "and if the boy can be cared for without us, I think we had better go."

"It is not far from here?" said Marguerite, interrogatively.

"Not over eight leagues," replied the duke. "You may easily take dinner at the abbey."

The good dame reflected awhile, and finally concluded that she would go. As her decision was all that was waited for, there was no further question; and preparations were at once made. Marguerite went in to see Conrad; and when she had told him where she was going, she assured him that she should not remain long away from him.

"I might do my business with the abbott, and return in a day or two," she said; "but there is no need of such an arrangement. It is better that you should come to us at Saint Aubin as soon as you are able. Will you do so?"

Conrad promised that he would.

"Then," pursued the dame, "I shall try and rest easy. I am sure that the duke will take good care of you while you are here; and he will also see you safely to the abbey."

"You may rest assured upon these two points," spoke a voice from the other side of the room. It was the duke who had entered. He had not seen the youth since the previous evening, and he had come to inquire personally after the patient's health, and also to offer the hospitality of his castle. He sat down by the bedside, and while he conversed with Conrad he scanned those features carefully over again. He was thoughtful not to weary the invalid with too much conversation, and when he had said what he had to say, he arose and withdrew. In the hall he met Francesco.

The horses were ready caparisoned in the court, and the old hermit was in a hurry to depart. When he saw the duke coming he acted as though he would avoid him; but the thing was not possible. Casimir hailed him, and asked him to follow him to his library.

"I wish to speak with you a moment, good Francesco."

The old man bowed his head, and followed; but with a seemingly reluctant step. He felt sure that he was to be questioned upon some topic of which he would rather not speak. When they had reached the library the duke closed the door, and motioned his guest to a seat.

"Francesco," Casimir commenced, in an earnest, direct manner, "I have called you hither to ask you a few questions upon a very important matter; and I hope you will find it in your pleasure to answer me."

"Allow me to hope, my lord, that you will ask nothing which I cannot answer," replied Francesco.

"We shall see. In the first place, however, let me assure you that I will ask nothing which there can be any harm in answering."

"Of which, my lord, you must allow me to be the judge."

"Certainly. And now, to commence: I speak of Conrad. He has been brought up from infancy by Marguerite, and you have been his tutor?"

"Yes."

"But you are not his father?"

"No."

"Is Marguerite his mother?"

"Ah, my lord,—you are forcing me to hesitate."

"Not at all, good Francesco. Your answer already given is sufficient. Marguerite is not his mother."

"My lord," plead the old man, with a look of earnest, prayerful appeal, "do not question me further. I am bound by an oath. Have mercy."

"You need not break your oath, Francesco, for you can give me some satisfaction without doing so. I know that Conrad is not the son of Marguerite; I know that he is not the son of any living parent; and I furthermore know that both you and she were once in the service——"

"My lord, you must not approach me thus. You might as well put questions direct, as drive me into unanswerable corners."

"Another answer," said the duke, with a smile. "I tell you, my trusty friend, to me the whole story is written on the youth's face."

Francesco gave a start, but made no reply.

"Now," pursued Casimir, after a short pause, "I must put a question direct. Why was the life of that child concealed, and the falsehood of his death published?"

The old man steadied himself, with his hands upon his knees, and gazed down upon the floor.

"You may answer me that question, Francesco."

"I will answer it, my lord; but you must look to see your next question treated in a different manner. The child was hidden away to save its life!"

"How? To save its life?"

"Yes."

"Surely, its life was not threatened."

"I can tell you nothing of that. All I can say is, its mother feared for it. What she may have seen in the future I cannot say."

"It is enough," said Casimir, rising from his seat, and starting across the room. "The mother may have been wise. At all events, she acted after the promptings of her own heart; and I think her love for the child led her to do as she did. Dagobert knows of this?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Thank you, Francesco. I will detain you no longer."

"But, my lord duke,—I must ask you to be——"

"Pooh! Have no fears on my account. I tell you, the boy has not a better friend on earth than I will prove myself."

There was something in the duke's manner which Francesco did not like; but he had no opportunity to offer further remonstrance; for Casimir had opened the door, and passed out into the hall.

The horses were ready in the court, and a dozen of the duke's men-at-arms had been detailed to accompany the travellers on their way. Marguerite was waiting; and now that she was ready for the start, she was anxious to be on the way. The old hermit attempted twice to speak with his host upon the subject of the secret of which they had been conversing; but he did not gain the opportunity.

"Have no fears, good Francesco," said the duke, after the old man had gained his saddle. "All is safe with me. The boy could not be in better hands."

"I must trust you my, lord; and I shall try to put away all uneasiness. You have a sacred charge; for you have promised to be a friend to him who has been in deed a friend to you."

A final word of parting was spoken, and Francesco and Marguerite rode out from the court, accompanied by the friendly guard which their host had seen fit to give them. Casimir watched them until they had passed beyond the walls, and then he returned to his library, where he spent a full hour in deep thought, sometimes sitting; sometimes standing; sometimes walking to and fro; and all the while talking with himself.

"Let things take their own course," he finally said, sinking into a chair and gazing into the vacancy before him. "Thus far I have had no hand in the mysterious workings; and I will stand aloof and see what the result shall be."

He still gazed into the vacant space, as though his imagination were drawing pictures there, and framing marvellous structures for some future time.

Conrad improved wonderfully. The wound upon the head was not at all serious, and the perfect freedom of his system from all impurity gave him safe conduct from fever. At the end of the second day he was allowed to dress himself; and on the morning of the third day the physician permitted him to walk in the garden.

"Whither now, my child?" asked the duke, as he met Rosaline in the hall.

She trembled and cast her eyes upon the pavement.

"You do not answer me," pursued Casimir; but his tone was low and kind.

"Dear father," the maiden at length replied, "I trust that I am doing nothing wrong. Conrad is in the garden. I have not seen him, to inquire after his health, since his mother went away."

"And you are now on your way to offer him your greetings?"

"Yes—if you do not forbid it."

"No, no, my child; I have no disposition to lay such an injunction upon you. We owe the youth too much. Your life and your sacred honor he hath saved to us. I do not fear to trust him; and surely I should have no fears of trusting you. Go to him; and if your presence can cheer him, he may the sooner recover."

She sped away, and found Conrad walking beneath the shadowy arms of the great chestnut trees. She stopped when she came near unto him; but he, seeing her smile of greeting, quickly advanced to meet her. He was too glad to see her—too happy in the bright presence—to hesitate; and she, when the rich voice of her brave preserver sounded again upon her ear, put away all false reserve, and met him as a sister might have met a brother.

As brother and sister they conversed during the bright hours of that forenoon. On the following day, however, somewhat of the brotherly and sisterly freedom was lacking. And on the day following that, they seemed to have lost all their lightness and joy.

It was towards the close of a warm, beautiful day, and the lengthening shadows were gratefully cooling the verdant spots where the rays of the sun had been pouring down with unwonted heat. Conrad and Rosaline were sitting in the chestnut grove, both silent and thoughtful.

"You are not able to go yet," said the maiden, in answer to a remark which her companion had made some time before.

"I am better able to go than I am to stay." He gazed into her beautiful face a few moments, and then he added: "I am not used to falsehood, nor to deception of any kind. I will speak the truth, trusting that it will not offend you. Were I of gentle blood—were I of a family that held rank somewhere near your own—I would stay in Rennes yet awhile longer." He would have turned away and concealed his face, for he knew that his lips quivered, and that his eye was tearful; but the immediate answer of his companion prevented.

"Conrad," she said, with noble frankness, at the same time laying her hand upon his arm, "I am no more used to deception than are you. I have no right to bid you remain, if you have made up your mind to leave us; but there is one who has that right."

"Rosaline——"

"My father has that right."

The blood mounted to the youth's temples, and his whole frame trembled.

"Your father?" he repeated.

"My father!" she answered, in tones of strange melody.

"In mercy's name, do not misunderstand me, lady!"

"I am sure that I do not."

"But—if your father should bid me stay?"

"I should be happy."

"Rosaline!—O, this is too bright! Should I stay longer here, I could never leave, but——"

The fair girl looked up into his face, and whispered:

"Speak on."

"I could never leave, but with the prize my heart would win! Do not blame me for speaking thus."

"Courage, Conrad. I know your heart, for I am not blind. Your arm failed not before the prince; and you need not tremble before the duke." She placed her hand upon his open palm, and as he closed his grasp upon the precious offering, he knew that the love of the noble girl was his.

But he dared to say no more. It was but a promise from Rosaline that she would wait for her father's decision. He must see the duke ere the prize could be secured.

Courage!

So whispered Conrad to himself; and yet he trembled with more than mortal fear. He could have met a score of Brittany's bravest warriors in battle array with more hopeful courage than came to sustain him as he approached the proud duke with that momentous question upon his trembling lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

—Nothing is truly infamous, but what is wicked; and therefore shame can never disturb an innocent and virtuous mind.

THE BACHELOR UNCLE'S STORY.

"Harry, my boy, you are not going down town in that atrocious piece of felt?"

I clapped my hand rather nervously to my hat.

"Why not, Uncle Simon? Isn't it respectable enough?"

"Harry, you're my favorite nephew—sit down and you shall hear how I lost my wife—that should have been—through a bad hat!"

I passively obeyed.

"Weston Thorn and I were room-mates at the —— Hotel in our young days. There we dwelt together, and, as perverse fate would have it, we both fell desperately in love with the same girl, Fanny Trevor. Talk of your modern beauties—*I* never saw a prettier creature than Fanny was; cheeks like an apple-blossom, sir, and eyes that fairly made you wild with their coquettish sparkle. She wore her auburn hair in bright braids within a net; I've liked nets ever since.

"'Simon!' said Weston Thorn one night, 'I'm in love?'

"'So am I, Thorn!' I answered.

"'And I'm in love with Fanny Trevor!'

"'Are you,' said I. 'So am I.'

"Weston and I looked at one another steadily for about five minutes.

"'Simon,' said he, 'will you give her up?'

"'No!'

"'Nor will I! So here's to the health of him who wins the brightest jewel that ever shone on human breast!'

"He tossed off a glass of gold-beaded champagne as he spoke. I pledged him; and although it is *forty* years and more since, I taste the sparkle of that bright wine yet, whenever I remember the hour!

"Well, our twin suits progressed with varying success for weeks. Sometimes Fanny made Thorn desperate by waltzing with me; sometimes she woke the spirit of Cain the murderer in my heart by wearing Weston Thorn's white roses in her belt. At length, one day, we went arm in arm to ask old Mr. Trevor's permission formally to address Fanny. Papa Trevor was a jolly old soul, and laughed heartily at our amicable rivalry.

"'Go in, boys, and win!' he exclaimed. 'Fanny may take her choice—whichever it is, she'll be pretty sure of a good husband!'

"'Weston,' said I, on our way home, 'I shall invite Fanny to that rural pic-nic up the Hudson river to-morrow; no place more favorable to the declaration of love than umbrageous shadows and green river shores.'

"'Just my opinion,' said Thorn. 'I shall write a note of invitation also.'

"I took special pains to keep a sharp look out on the next morning. Hurry as I would, however, Thorn walked out of the house, kid-gloved and Panama-hatted, just two minutes and a half before I could succeed in tying my confounded cravat to suit myself. I gave my hair one parting rake with the unyielding bristles of the brush, dived into the wardrobe for my hat, and started full run for the street. I could always walk faster than Thorn, so I felt little apprehension on the score of not overtaking him.

"I had a dim idea that the young ladies in the hotel corridor looked rather comically at me as I sprang down stairs—and the little boys in the gutters grinned and commented as I passed, but I was in too great a hurry to pause for reflection, until a full length mirror, standing by way of advertisement at the door of a looking-glass and picture-frame store, suddenly showed me to myself: a young gentleman got up in the extreme of fashion, all but the head, which might have belonged to a Bowery loafer!

"Good fates! what a villainous hat! it would have made a rowdy of Lord Palmerston himself [illegible] battered, seedy—I thought I had com- [illegible] that hat to the flames weeks ago!—Weston Thorn must have fished it from its obscurity and put it in provoking convenience to my hand. All my own fault—of course it was; why hadn't I had the common sense to know what I was putting upon my head?

"I felt hurriedly in my pockets—there was only just 'change enough' there to meet the exigencies of the day. No help for it—back I must trot.

"The sun had mounted high enough to make the homeward walk no pleasant thing to take in a hurry. Of course, my trembling fingers selected the wrong key at first—and it was some time before I could turn the wards so as to admit myself. However, in I walked at last, and opened the wardrobe with nervous haste. There hung the *real* hat, in provoking neatness—and it was no small aggravation to my state of mind to think I could not blame Thorn for my own carelessness. As I turned to go out, the dressing-glass displayed to me such an inflamed and perspiring visage that a moment's delay in cologne-sprinkling was indispensable—and this completed, off I started for the second time, on a run.

"What a jerk I gave Mr. Trevor's bell—I wonder it had not come off in my hands. The scared servant answered the jingling summons as if she had expected no milder news than that the house was on fire.

"'Miss Trevor? is she in?'

"'No, sir, she has gone to the boat with Mr. Thorn.'

"I could have stamped with rage. The boat left at eight precisely. I glanced at my watch, and saw that it wanted just three minutes and seventeen seconds of that hour—perhaps I might yet be in time. I recollect little of that race to the pier, save that it was a series of diving under horses' heads, skilful dartings round fat old ladies, and abrading my ankles against boxes and barrels.

"'Has the boat gone?' I gasped, too breathless for distinct speech as I approached the pier.

"'Don't know,' said a heartless stevedore, ejecting a shower of tobacco juice from his mouth, 'd'ye s'pose there aint but one boat in the world?'

"If I could but have been a magistrate, with power to put that wretch into handcuffs! But there was the boat at last—surely she was not moving; yes, she was! The plank had just been drawn on board—the boat was swinging away from the pier, amid ringing bells and groaning ropes, and gushing steam. Too late! Yet I would not yet despair—I could surely spring over those few feet of heaving, turbid water, and I leaped forward—only however to find myself drawn back by strong arms!

"'Don't be crazy, Mister!' said my friend the stevedore. 'Do you want to be drowned?'

"I didn't much care whether I was or not, at that moment—for I had just caught sight of Weston Thorn on the deck, waving his handkerchief to me, with the blue ribbons of Fanny's gipsy hat fluttering at his side!

"When they came back, they were engaged young people. To this day I cannot meet Mrs. Judge Thorn without a curious stirring at my heart, although she, like myself, is old and gray. But she was very, very pretty then! And now, Master Harry," concluded my Uncle Simon, "go and put on a respectable beaver, and remember that your uncle's whole destiny turned on the pivot of an old hat!"

I followed my Uncle Simon's advice, secretly remembering Rochefoucauld's maxim, that "in the sorrows of our best friends there is something agreeable to us." For if my uncle had worn the right hat and married Miss Trevor, I should not have inherited his money. It is a selfish world!

SEA-SHELL SIGHS.

BY MARY FORREST.

Let us take up this shell
Upon Memory's shore,
And listen, *Ma belle*,
To its low ritournelle
Of the tides of yore.

Was it meet
For the feet
That impatiently trod
The shivering sod
By the door of my heart;
That pattered down the street
Through the chill driving sleet,
And stood all alone
When not a star shone
By the door of my heart;
That crossed the still threshold, and warmed in the glow
That firelight and lovelight tossed to and fro;
That tenderly stepped over memory's graves
And lingered so softly while murmuring waves,
From life's rolling river, pulsed in full laves,
Their whiteness upon;
That stole on to the bowers
And the heaven-lifted flowers,
Where Hope was a bird, and the silver-winged hours
Floated up through aromas and soft dropping showers
To the glory beyon:
Was it meet
For these feet—
For these dainty white feet
To trample the flowers
That grew in these bowers:
To jostle the dew from convolvulus tips,
To dash out the kiss from jessamine lips,
To stir the still waters and wilder the dream
Of the lotus-bud gently afloat on the stream:—
Was it well,
Ma belle?

THE RAGPICKER PHYSICIAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY "SEBASTIAN."

In 1847, at which time I was editor of the *Gazette des Hôpitaux*, a singular fact came to my knowledge, of which I gave the following account:

"One of our romancers, wishing to study the manners, language and habits of the lowest phases of Parisian life, went often, in the middle of the night, into those haunts where were to be met none but the outcasts of society. Clothed in the rags worn by the frequenters of these wretched dens, he could, without betraying his social position, seat himself on the wooden benches, empty his glass, and make, at his ease, his studies and his observations.

"One night, on entering one of these haunts, he perceived, seated at a table in the middle of the room, a man whose hollow and emaciated face was lit up by a look of penetration and intelligence: this man was a ragpicker. By the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, one placed at the left of this mysterious being, the writer saw successively approach the table, women, children and men, whose tattered and fantastic garments betrayed at once their occupation and their misery. To each of them the ragpicker addressed questions, felt the pulse, examined the tongue of each, and according to the nature of the disease, ordered rest to his patient, or gave him a recipe written on a scrap of paper which he drew from his basket. The romancer, puzzled to the highest degree, and wishing to pursue his adventures to the utmost, approached in his turn, and, after a short interrogatory, received the following recipe: 'To cure your disease, it is necessary for you to share our miseries and take a part in those bitter conflicts which sometimes break out amongst us. Gu * * *, [illegible] P., *Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Paris*).'

"The incident was strange, and the man of letters, whose imagination was ardent, foresaw in this existence thus metamorphosed a magnificent subject of romance, and believed that he had found the rich mine in which Eugène Sue had gained so much fame. He waited outside the door, and when, after his consultations, the Esculapian ragpicker appeared, his basket on his shoulder and his hook in his hand, the romancer approached him, and asked him if the rôle which he had just seen him play was not a relic of those old and strange liberties which the adventure seekers of the last century allowed themselves.

"'Not at all,' answered the ragpicker. 'I am really and truly a doctor of medicine of the Faculty of Paris; my diploma is entered at the prefecture and in the register of the civil tribunal of the Seine. I have satisfied all the requirements of the law.' A smile played on his lips as he continued: 'I am, perhaps, of all the physicians of Paris, the one who sees the most patients.'

"But, as if he feared to let himself be drawn into a confidence, he left his interlocutor, and perceiving a rag by the light of the lantern which he carried, he fastened his hook in it in a manner to make one regret that he did not employ his skill in surgical operations."

Since writing the above, I had heard no more of this singular being, when I received, a short time ago, a letter signed with a name which I could not read, but accompanied by the formula d.-m. P.; my correspondent not daring, he said, either to present himself at my house or to receive me at his, begged me, in the name of our fraternity, to meet him at a rendezvous which he mentioned,—a tavern of the barrier de Fontainebleau.

I repaired thither.

Our interview was to take place in one of those wretched taverns with which the barriers of Paris abound, and in which the lowest classes of the population of the city, intoxicated by a vile liquor, dream of every vice and of every crime.

In spite of the repugnance which such a place could not fail to inspire, I entered resolutely, and presently the master of the house, forewarned, doubtless, of my visit, conducted me into a back room, where I perceived, leaning over a table, a man whose head, whitened by age, had a noble appearance, in spite of the rags which covered him.

At the sound of my footsteps this man arose, and, with a courtesy which I was far from expecting, he pointed to a chair opposite to that which he had just quitted, and begged me to be seated. The tavern-keeper retired, and when we were alone:

"You must now," said he, "understand and excuse the feeling of propriety which forbade my going to your house."

The astonishment in which this adventure plunged me, gained such a mastery over me that I had not a word to answer. My interlocutor rejoined:

"As for your coming to my house, the thing is impossible."

And showing me a basket set down in a corner of the room:

"The ragpickers," said he, "have no homes; when fatigue or drowsiness forces them to seek repose, they find, by means of a sou, lodgings which afford them a little straw during some hours of the day or night. The aristocrats of the profession pay two sous and have a pallet."

And with a sardonic smile, he added: "My patients are not rich enough to allow me such a luxury."

Then resuming his former serious air:

"I have already," said he, "too much abused the right which the title of your brother in medicine gives me: I come now to the object of our meeting."

After a short pause, the ragpicker rejoined:

"In the misfortune which reduced me to the condition in which you see me, I counted but one friend. His memory is the only joy which Heaven has left me in this world; for fifteen years my heart has known none sweeter or more consoling, and, by dint of tasting this joy, I have dreamt of one still greater, which you alone can help me to realize: I wish to see this friend again, before I die, were it even at a distance."

I promised him the most active co-operation, if he would point out to me the part which he intended me to take.

"It is at a great expense, he pursued, with a faint smile, that the book-worms of society keep themselves acquainted with the new publications as they appear; for me, in whom fortune, on deserting, has not extinguished the love of reading, I read all the papers, manuscript or printed, which fall into my basket. There might be a very curious book made of all these papers, and never, I assure you, would the public curiosity have been so fully satisfied. But let us pass that over.

"One day I picked up a paper which was nothing else but a proof sheet of your *Annuaire médicale de France;* I thus became acquainted with your work, which promised me the means of finding my friend; for from the day on which I armed myself with the basket and hook, I ceased to see him, and the distance which I had placed between us soon made me lose all traces of him."

The ragpicker then told me the name of his friend, who, like us, was a physician, and whose name, consequently, if he still lived, must be found inscribed on the pages of my *Annuaire*.

I could not immediately satisfy the curiosity of the old man; it would be necessary to ransack registers and examine numerous letters before I could arrive at any definite knowledge.

Another meeting would then be necessary.

"Come to my house, I said to him; the house of the physician is like the house of God: it is not offended at the misery which visits it."

And pressing affectionately the hand which I extended to him: "Yes, adieu, and a thousand thanks; for I shall owe to you the last and greatest joy of my existence," he answered.

On leaving him I thought that if I was not the friend of this man, I had at least gained his confidence. I was not deceived.

The physician of whom I had undertaken to obtain tidings had died a year before in a little town near Orleans, and I considered it my duty to communicate the fatal news to the ragpicker with the precautions and the delicacy which are due to misfortune. This conduct so simple gained me so high a place in the esteem of my visitor, that, extending to me a trembling hand, he said:

"Heaven spares me in the last blow which it inflicts on me; I might have learned the death of my friend by a scrap of paper fallen in my basket. Ah! my God! I thank thee for this supreme commiseration!"

After his sorrow was a little calmed and he had wiped away his tears with the flap of his blouse:

"I wish to prove my gratitude," he said, "in relating to you the story of my life. The secret of my fall is, with my basket and my hook, the only thing which belongs to me. You would scarcely know what to do with my implements of labor, but you may draw a profitable lesson from my history."

Certes, the ragpicker could have proposed nothing which was more agreeable to me; he commenced in these terms:

"For more than ten years I practised medicine amongst the aristocracy of Paris, and more than one of your physicians would envy me to-day the position which I formerly occupied. In the number of my most attached patients I counted a young couple high placed in the world by name and fortune. The wife, nervous and delicate like most women brought up in the luxury of fashionable life, complained often of nervous attacks, which sometimes ended in distressing spasms. These attacks, to which the people of her house were accustomed, had ceased to alarm them, and they claimed my services only as a sort of acquittal of conscience.

"One evening on which I had gathered some friends around my table, I was sent for to attend this patient, who, I was told, had her nervous attack; more pre-occupied with the society which I left than with my patient herself, I administered to her, as was my custom, sulphuric ether, and, seeing calm re-established, I believed the violence of the fit over, and after prescribing a soothing potion, I left my patient and hastened home, happy to find the friends who awaited me.

"An hour after I was sent for in great haste. When I reached the house the patient was dead.

"A frightful spectacle presented itself to my gaze: the bed was literally deluged with blood, which even oozed through the mattress and dripped on the floor: death, evidently, was the result of a hemorrhage. I uncovered the body, and, to my astonishment, not less than to that of two domestics who were present, I discovered a deep wound in the right thigh, with hemorrhage of the crural artery. I interrogated the domestics as to the cause of this wound; they were ignorant of it. I asked for the husband of the unfortunate lady, a servant then answered me that her master, his countenance agitated and his dress in disorder, had gone out on warning them of the nervous attack of their mistress, and that, from that time, he had not been seen in the house.

"Without any doubt a crime had been committed, and I hastened to inform the commissary of police. On the arrival of the magistrate, there was found in the chimney, behind a screen with which it was covered in summer, a poniard stained with blood, the blade of which corresponded exactly to the wound of the victim. This weapon belonged to the husband; it was he, then, who was the author of the crime. The examination continued, and the following details were elicited: notwithstanding a slight indisposition of his wife, the husband had had with her a discussion relative to family interests, and during which, seized with a fit of anger bordering on mental alienation, he had seized a weapon which hung on the wall, and rushing on his wife, had commenced with her a struggle in which the chances were too unequal. For some minutes the unhappy victim held back the arm of her murderer; but, overcome at last by her fruitless efforts and the fear of death, she fell into a spasm, during which the agitated husband struck her with an uncertain hand, and the ill-directed blow reached the thigh instead of the heart.

"The sight of the blood; the convulsions of the victim; remorse, perhaps, arrest this man. Without knowing what he does, he throws the dagger in the chimney, covers the body of his wife to conceal his crime, and flies far from this horrible scene, first telling a servant that her mistress has one of her nervous attacks.

"You understand the part which I played in the trial; the prosecuting attorney and the counsel for the husband accused me successively of having let the woman die; 'but for the ignorance and the incapacity of the physician,' said the advocate, 'we should not have to answer to an accusation of murder, but to a simple charge of assault.'

"This affair made a great noise in the world, as much by the social position of the actors as by the scandal and strangeness of the details. My name, repeated from mouth to mouth, became a by-word and a reproach, and an honorable reputation, gained by fifteen years of labor and of fatigue, was suddenly blighted. My *confrères*, far from defending me, were the first to accuse me; the cruelest blows were dealt me by them. One alone remained true and was unwearied in defending me. It was the friend whose death you have just announced to me. In spite of his devotedness, my practice decreased rapidly, and I soon found myself no longer in a condition to maintain the rank which I had till then held. With fortune those who called themselves my friends abandoned me, and I remained alone, feeling only a profound contempt for mankind.

"Life, you can imagine, became indifferent to me; whether it was preserved to me or not, its future concerned me little. I quitted the circles in which I had shone, and joined a class of people whose ignorance and whose rudeness awaken in me at least no ideas of the past."

The ragpicker was silent; he wiped away a tear which these memories had brought to his eyes, and, after taking up his basket and hook, he extended his hand to me and said:

"I have patients to-day who accuse me neither of ignorance nor of incapacity: I am now going to see them. Adieu."

And he left me.

Such is this singular man, whose heart without bitterness and whose intelligence without a cloud are still entirely at the service of suffering, in spite of so many motives to misanthropy: it is because the study of medicine, as an ancient philosopher has said, raises man above his fellow beings, and inspires him with thoughts worthy of the gods.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The following sketch is the statement of a venerable man, who was a subaltern in the grand army of Napoleon at the taking and burning of Moscow.

"After all our marches, fatigues, fights, perils, privations, hopes and fears, (says the narrator,) picture our wild delight, when we first came in sight of the magnificent city of Moscow, with its thousand gilded steeples, domes and minarets glittering in the rays of the sun, and appearing to our eyes rather like some illusive scene of enchantment than a place of reality. I could scarcely credit my senses. It seemed to me like a fairy vision that was soon to vanish away. Alas! how true was my presentiment in fact, but how different in manner from the fancy of my waking dream! The great city of the Russian czars was doomed to be no more—but was to go down with roaring flames, amid the shrieks of thousands, instead of fading from the view like a phantasmagoria.

"We crossed the Moskwa, and entered the city by a deserted road, and passed into deserted streets, where our heavy, measured tramp, tramp, tramp were the only sounds that broke the awful silence. It seemed as if we were marching into some mighty city of the dead, and never before did I experience such a sense of utter and fearful desolation. Around us, on every side, were the architectural structures of man, reared with a grandeur and picturesque beauty that I had never seen before, and yet so deserted that not even a single human face was to be discovered at any of the thousand windows. There may be a *feeling of loneliness in the forest, in the desert, or on the ocean*—but it has not the appalling force of a deserted city. With nature we may feel lonely, for the want of human companionship—but we know this does not especially belong there, as in a mighty city reared by human hands. Alone with nature, we behold the works of God, and know that His great living principle is in and through all things, sustaining them in harmony with their creation—but among the tenantless habitations of man, we feel the awful void that only human presence can fill. Add to this, that in taking possession of the abandoned city of Moscow, there was an undefinable dread of some impending catastrophe. We feared a something unseen and unknown. We could not feel satisfied that we were safe for a moment, even in our most apparent security. We were in constant fear of a sudden attack, a terrible ambuscade, a secret mine. If we heard an unusual sound, we fancied the enemy was upon us. If we saw soldiers at a distance, as we sometimes did, even though they were of our own nation, we were ready to fly from them and they from us. All was evil expectation, dread, fear, distrust.

"As we approached the locality where we had been ordered to quarter ourselves, in the grand houses, palaces and churches, we came upon a few wretches who had lingered behind the departed multitude, as if they could not bear the thought of leaving forever the beautiful city which had been all the world to them, the only home they had ever known. They were generally crying, sobbing, wringing their hands, and deploring their hard fortune in *tones* we could understand, if not their language. There were old men, women and children, interspersed with cripples and wounded soldiers, all bemoaning their hard fate together. In general they took little notice of us, as we marched past, with our steady, solemn tramp, but seemed absorbed with their grief of desolation—bowed down and crushed with the thought that henceforth they were to be homeless wanderers, doomed to perish by disease and famine in unknown places. Further on, and in the quarter assigned to us, we came upon our own troops, of another division, which had entered the fated city the day previous. Already they had lost that order and discipline which still governed our ranks. Conquerors in one of the richest and most magnificent cities of the world, their busy hands had already begun that work of pillage which was destined to be carried to such fearful excess. While the officers rioted in the halls of nobles, and drank to the ambitious emperor who had led us hither, the common soldiers began their plunder in inferior places. Stores were broken open and their contents seized as fancy dictated, and dwellings were ransacked and robbed of all the plate and money that could be found. The spectacle which was now presented to our eyes, and which grew more fearful as we advanced, was one I never wish to look upon again. Everywhere we beheld men of our own nation turned to shameless robbers and loaded with plunder, many with more than they could carry—so that, after tottering along for a while, under the richest burthens, a part would have to be thrown away. All would have been sellers, but there were few to buy. Goods of the most costly description—silks, crapes, laces, and furs—were tumbled promiscuously into the streets, and each was free to help himself to what he valued most. It was a wild scene of riot, but without the usual noise attendant upon such a devastation. All were yet fearfully still in their work of plunder, as if oppressed with a nameless dread. The rumor had already gone forth that the governor and nobles had ordered the city to be burned, and already, as if in confirmation of this startling fact, the great exchange, in the very heart of the town, around which our division was to be quartered, was on fire, the flames pouring out of the windows and roaring with a terrible distinctness. At first there had been a desire on the part of the military to suppress the flames; but when it was discovered there were no means for this—that all the engines had been withdrawn or destroyed—the idea was abandoned as futile, and only that of securing plunder considered.

"The building in which the officers of my regiment were finally quartered, if not a palace, was at least so lofty, grand, and sumptuously furnished, that an emperor might have occupied it with propriety. On entering, we found it in charge of a porter and two other servants, all the rest of the household having fled, no one knew whither. We were allowed to select our bed-chambers according to rank, and the house was so large and roomy that there was more than one for each. I chose an apartment better suited to a prince than a soldier of the camp, and as I surveyed the rich curtains of the window, and the almost gorgeous hangings of the bed, I for the moment fancied myself transformed by some magic into a Russian lord, who had only to speak to find himself surrounded by willing slaves.

"But the fire, of which I have spoken, was still raging, with increased fury, within sight from my window; and as the wind began to rise and carry the flames across the street to other buildings, the possibility suddenly struck me of the conflagration becoming general, and that ere long the destroying element might force us to leave our princely quarters, to return to the ignoble miseries of the soldier's camp.

"It was a fearful night, the first and last I spent within the walls of Moscow. My princely bed served me only once. I went to sleep, with the fire raging in the distance, but awoke to see the angry flames leaping near me. The wind had changed, and was now blowing strongly toward our quarters, and the fire had advanced so rapidly that my window felt the heat, and I could see the burning cinders dropping thickly around us, and knew that the noble building, which I had hoped would have been my home for months to come, must soon become a fiery furnace, like those in sight, and then a black and desolate ruin. To be prepared for the worst, I hastened to put on my clothes and look after the few valuable things I had already collected; and scarcely had I got everything arranged for a sudden departure, when the alarm was sounded that our mansion was really on fire.

"On reaching the street, which I did in company with some of my brother officers, I saw that the building had caught on the roof, and that from the headway of the fire all around us, nothing whatever in that locality could be saved. As we hastened away from a quarter no longer safe, I became witness of scenes of the most terrible description. In marching into the city, and along silent and deserted streets, we had formed the impression that nearly all the inhabitants had fled; but as we now found them abroad by thousands—men, women and children—all trying to make their escape from the surrounding horrors—we knew that these must have been secreted in their dwellings, shops and stores, till driven forth by the fiery foe.

"But they had now fled from one danger, only to encounter others as fearful. The soldiers, no longer under any restraint, were giving themselves up to the wildest excesses; and, half crazed with liquors, which they had got hold of in the course of their general plunderings, they were now prepared to rob the defenceless citizens of their money and jewels, and even murder them in cold blood whenever such *deeds suited their hellish inclinations. Putting no restraint on their beastly passions, they became the especial terror of the female sex, and tore shrieking wives from the arms of their husbands*, and innocent girls from the necks of their mothers, to dishonor them with a brutality seldom witnessed even in the land of native savages. To see whole streets burning—the flames leaping wildly upward to the black, rolling cloud of smoke that stretched over them like a funeral pall—to see these same streets crowded with human beings, some trying to escape with life, some with plunder, and others, reckless of consequences, bent on the gratification of the vilest passions—to hear the shouts of triumph, the oaths of blasphemy, the shrieks of terror and despair, all commingled with the awful roaring of the flames,—to see these sights and hear these sounds, filled the sympathetic heart with a horror which no language can portray.

"And everywhere, as we pushed on through the burning city, the same appalling scenes were before us, behind us, and about us. What the amount of human suffering then and there was, within the limits of that devoted city, can never be known. Thousands on thousands perished, and both the conquerors and the conquered often crossed the threshold of eternity together. The retreating foe had filled the hospitals with their wounded and left them to their fate, and that fate was to be consumed in that dreadful conflagration, whose utter devastation no earthly power could stay. In vain did they shriek for succor—there were none to save. Palaces and hovels, churches and prisons, stores and dwellings, the richest and the poorest, the grandest and the meanest, alike went down in one common ruin; and everywhere there was a sacrifice of human life, by weapon or by fire. Frenzied by liquor, horror and passion, men fell upon each other and fought to the death, or lifted their murderous hands against every human being that crossed their path; and of those that escaped, hundreds left their trail of blood and ghastly corses for the advancing fire to obliterate. Of the citizens, some died of grief, some of fear, some were murdered, some slew themselves in despair, or because of their own sense of shame and degradation, some were overpowered by the flames, some went insane, and of those who escaped from the burning city, many perished of cold and hunger, or from diseases engendered by exposure. I had witnessed the horrors of war in almost every phase, but this so far overshadowed all I had ever seen, that even now it stands out as the darkest and most dreadful memory of my life.

"It was my fortune to escape from the perils that surrounded me then—to live through the dreadful sufferings of our subseqent memorable retreat—to have since enjoyed many a year of peace and quiet—but the recollection of the burning of Moscow, above all others, will haunt me to my grave."

PERSEVERANCE.

At a public dinner, Mr. G. Stephenson, engineer, said, "I have worked my way (but I have worked as hard as any man in the world), and I have overcome obstacles which it falls to the lot of but few men to encounter. I have known the day, when my son was a child, that, after my daily labor was at an end, I have gone home to my single room and cleaned clocks and watches, in order that I might be able to put my child to school. I had felt too acutely myself the loss of an education not to be fully sensible of how much advantage one would be to him. I may say, too, perhaps, without being deemed egotistical, that I have mixed with a greater variety of society than, perhaps, any man living. I have dined in mines, for I was once a miner; and I have dined with kings and queens, and with all grades of the nobility, and have seen enough to inspire me with the hope that my exertions have not been without their beneficial results—that my labor has not been in vain."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The bigot in religion, like an African buffalo, sees right forward, but nothing to the right or left. He would not see a legion of angels or devils at a distance of ten yards on either side.

What horrid, strange, suggestive, unaccountable noises we hear in the depths of night. The stillness of night is a vulgar error. All the dead things seem then to be alive.

The mind of the child has been called a sheet of white paper, but how often nurses and nursing maids are allowed to write it all over with their pot-hooks and hangers.

Those who seem most indifferent to us in our joy may prove the warmest friends in our sorrow. The springs that are coldest in summer never freeze in winter.

The gentlest effort may put a wedding ring upon the finger. A thousand-horse-power may not suffice to pull it off.

Men who most pride themselves upon their knowledge of the world, generally know only its crooked alleys and dirty lanes.

Even a virtuous woman is not attractive if she makes herself a vinegar-cruet, a pepper-box, or a mustard-pot.

The persons spoken of in scripture as having ears but hearing not, eyes but seeing not, must have been a cross of corn and potatoes.

They say there are tropical flowers that expand with a perceptible sound. The full opening of the blossom of love is generally audible in a kiss.

Some men can be influenced only by the cudgel. Their consciences are as tough as alligators' backs, and their backs as sensitive as alligators' bellies.

As a general rule, the less an editor knows, the more he writes, and, the more he writes, the less his readers know.

A man is apt to think that his personal freedom involves the right to make his fellow-men do just as he pleases.

There are birds of the parrot tribe, whose tongues are longer than their whole bodies; they must be the lawyers of the commonwealth of parrots.

Widows have been compared to green wood, which, while it is burning on one side, is weeping on the other.

A man's stomach is his weak part. The weapons to subdue him the most readily are found in the kitchen.

Young lovers should remember that the most fiercely-burning fire-brands are those kindled at the altar.

To defend a political editor against abuse is like holding an umbrella over a duck in a shower.

Our milkmen have the consciences to sell water at just as high prices in wet weather as in dry.

The officer or soldier who fights only for ambition or pay, is a Cain in uniform.

Many a man who thought himself rich has found these hard times a cure for the piles.

A Missouri paper says that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They must be grave Diggers.

A fellow without credit finds it harder to get into debt than others do to get out.

Men cannot make satisfaction for sin, though they seem to find great satisfaction in it.

We love women as women love babies—all the better for their weakness.

The hungry mouth no more readily finds food than the hungry mind finds truth.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

The sculptor and painter reject life as prosaic, and create a death which they call poetic.

It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend than to be deceived by him.

CURRENT ITEMS

An affecting scene is described as having taken place at a crossing in Chatham street, one day not long since, where a couple of little girls were sweeping a path through the mud and holding out their dirty palms for compensating pence. As a lady was crossing the street, one of these ragged little creatures suddenly dropped her broom, cried "mamma! mamma!" and rushing to the lady seized her by the dress, and sobbed out, "oh, take me home, mamma! Oh, mamma, take me home!" The lady at once recognized the *voice* as that of her own child who had been lost a year or so before, and whom she had given over as dead, and hailing a carriage she at once took the little one home, where a process of bodily purification and a change of garments soon restored the poor child to a recognizable condition. She had been stolen by one of the wandering female vagabonds that infest the city, and devoted to the wretched employment in which the mother found her, in order to earn a few pence for the miserable creature who had stolen her, and who eluded the officers of justice, although vigorous efforts were made to trace her out for purposes of punishment.

One warm day, a short time since, a number of foolish boys went in bathing in the river near Green Point, but finding the water to be unbearably cold, they soon gave over the sport, but not until one was seized with violent cramps and spasms which resulted in his death, and all the others were more or less injuriously affected. Boys should understand that it is not safe to go in bathing until the summer heat has had time to make itself felt on the whole body of water connected with that into which they may venture.

A gentleman living in Brooklyn, near Bedford, in alighting from a city railroad car, one stormy evening not long since, slipped and broke his leg, and the car passing on, he was left alone. Without calling for help, or making his situation known, he attempted to hobble home; but again slipping and falling, he broke his leg a second time. He then called for help, and was carried home, where he had to suffer an amputation, from the effects of which he died in the course of a few days.

A woman of respectable appearance was arrested in Brooklyn, one day not long since, for purloining a lady's purse, which the latter had placed upon the counter of a store where they both were making purchases. The arrested woman gave up the purse, and protested so solemnly, and with such apparent truthfulness, that her taking of it was simply a mistake owing to absence of mind, that she was allowed to go free.

Therese Buonocasa, an Italian tambourine player, was assaulted by a drunken ruffian, one day not long since, in Varick street, who attempted to rob her of a number of pennies that she had collected in her tambourine, but several men hastened to her rescue, and taking her assailant, held him under a hydrant and let the croton run over his face and head until he became sobered and penitent.

A young lady, living near Greenwood, was attacked by a dog, as she was taking a walk one afternoon not long since, and had her clothes torn nearly off of her, but strange to say, did not suffer any bodily damage, but finally beat the animal off with her parasol, or else he was frightened away by sight of her hoop skirt, which he may have considered it useless to assail.

A man who was standing upon a cart, on which he was riding along Nassau street, was jolted off, and falling in front of one of the wheels, it passed over his legs and broke both of them below the knees. The poor fellow crawled to the sidewalk, and was then picked up, placed upon the cart, and carried home.

Four or five vicious boys were detected in breaking the window-glass in a new and unoccupied house up town, into which they had obtained egress, and were sent to prison. Owners of houses cannot be too careful in fastening out such young villains, whose chief delight it seems to be to destroy the property of others.

A little girl was run over in Vesey street, the other day, by an express wagon, as she was following her mother from the sidewalk next to the Astor House to a Sixth avenue car. The child was so badly hurt that it was supposed she would die from the effects of her injuries.

A couple of carmen got into a strife the other day, as to which should first go through the gate at Fulton ferry, and getting their horses and vehicles tangled up, the matter resulted in the breaking of the leg of one of the horses, and the head of one of the carmen.

A little girl, about seven years old, whose parents live in Thirty-fifth street, fell from the balcony in front of the house, and striking head first upon the stone steps of the area, she was injured so badly that she died in the course of the day.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former*, as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR TERMS:

Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6, eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

☞ We employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to ROBERT BONNER, Publisher, No. 49 Park Row, New York.

THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 10.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

ANTONINUS PIOUS AND MARCUS AURELIUS.

The Emperor Adrian, upon his death-bed, was anxious to transmit his empire to some man whose integrity and ability would secure happiness to his subjects. There was, at that time, in Rome, a Senator, by the name of Titus Antoninus, whose elevated character had secured for him universal esteem. In consequence of his manifold virtues, so extraordinary in that corrupt age, he had received, by common assent, the surname of Pious. Adrian had often expressed for this man the highest esteem, and his judgment selected him as the most suitable candidate to succeed to the throne.

But there was, in the palace, a very beautiful boy, seventeen years of age, Marcus Aurelius. There was something so singularly fascinating in his disposition and manners that he completely won the heart of Adrian. Never did a doting parent love a child more fondly. The emperor, who had already, in heart, fully adopted him as a child, wished to constitute him as his heir. Still he hesitated to entrust the destinies of 150,000,000 of people to the hands of one so youthful and inexperienced. He therefore attempted to compromise the matter by transmitting the crown to Antoninus, with the proviso, that, at his death, the sceptre should pass to Aurelius.

Antoninus, an honest man, was faithful to his pledge. He immediately adopted Marcus as his own son, and then, to cement the tie still more firmly, gave him his daughter Faustina in marriage. He took the young man into his own counsels and so intimately co-operated with him in the government of the empire, that history usually speaks of this period as that of their united reign. This was indeed a sunny day to *the Roman world. Never before had there been, through those vast realms, such a reign of prosperity* and peace. Their united efforts were energetically and harmoniously enlisted in promoting the public welfare. Antoninus made himself acquainted with the character of the Christians, and resolved to protect them from further persecution, and issued the following decree:

> "If any one shall, for the future, molest the Christians, and accuse them merely on account of their religion, let the person, thus arraigned, be discharged, though he is proved to be a Christian, and let his accuser be punished according to the rigor of the law."

The influence of Christianity was now manifestly beginning to be felt outside of the church in purifying morals. Antoninus, though not a professing Christian, was feeling the power of the Christian faith. He was strictly temperate and irreproachable in private life. He adopted, as his motto, the beautiful words of Scipio, which he often quoted:

> "I had rather save the life of one citizen, than destroy the lives of a thousand enemies."

By economy in his own personal expenditure he was enabled greatly to reduce the taxes. He also, following the example of Adrian, built a wall in the north of Britain, from the Forth to the Clyde, to protect the frontier from the ravages of the Picts and Scots, the remains of which wall are still visible. After a reign of twenty-one years this truly good old man died, in the year of our Lord 161, and in the seventy-fourth year of his life. The grateful Roman Senate reared a monument to his memory which still remains, attracting the attention of every tourist in Rome. It has been said of him, "He is almost the only monarch that has lived, without spilling the blood of his countrymen or his enemies."

The death of Antoninus left Aurelius in sole occupancy of the throne. Influenced by the example of the revered Antoninus, he selected a younger partner to share with him the cares of empire. But, most unaccountably, he selected a very profligate young noble, by the name of Verus. Fortunately it became necessary to send him immediately from Rome. The Parthians, fierce as wolves, made an irruption into Syria. Verus, with a strong army, was sent to meet them. Upon his arrival in the luxurious city of Antioch he decided to remain there, in voluptuous indulgence, while he entrusted the command of the army to his generals. Giving loose to all his passions, he soon wore out the energies of life and miserably died. His death was doubtless a relief to Aurelius.

But now foes, on the vast frontiers of the Roman empire, began rapidly to multiply, and the empire was attacked fiercely, at various points. Aurelius roused himself to extraordinary energy to beat back these assailants. One of the legions of his army, consisting of nearly six thousand men, was composed entirely of Christians. The Christians had been marching over an arid plain, and were perishing with thirst, when they came in sight of the enemy. The barbarians were drawn up in great force before them. It is the testimony of both Christian and pagan writers, that a phenomenon ensued which was, at the time, regarded as miraculous. A sudden tempest arose, beating fiercely in the face of the barbarians, with a terrible storm of hail. But upon the camp of the Christians, at but a short distance, the same tempest poured a flood of water. The soldiers caught the welcome supply in their brazen helmets, and thus refreshed, and animated by the belief that God had interposed in their behalf, they rushed upon their disheartened foes and cut them to pieces.

This apparent miracle so deeply impressed the mind of Aurelius, and so inspired him with gratitude to the God of the Christians, who had interposed in his behalf, that he not only forbade all future persecution of the Christians, but wrote to the senate urging them to enact laws favoring Christianity.

Still the barbarians, from several points, were pressing forward like ocean tides. In the East, on the Danube and the Rhine, and in Britain fiercest wars were raging. Barbaric cohorts even invaded the plains of Italy. When driven back it was only to return with accumulated numbers.

Aurelius was a scholarly man, by no means fond of war. Many of his philosophical sayings are still quoted. Some of his writings have also survived the lapse of eighteen centuries. His interest in his people was such that he gave popular lectures to the masses in Rome. All writers combine in the praises of Marcus Aurelius. In history he is frequently spoken of as the second of the Antonines. Though himself one of the most virtuous of men, his wife, Faustina, was one of the most frivolous, fashionable and dissipated of women. The emperor, however, affected to be perfectly blind to all her faults, and treated her ever with the most uncomplaining and polite consideration. He had adopted, as the philosophy of his life, the principle of the stoics, that happiness is only to be found in supreme indifference to all external things. He therefore endeavored not to allow the shameless character of his wife, or any other apparent calamity, to disturb the serenity of his soul. The worse she behaved, the more blandly he smiled, and the more profusely he lavished upon her terms of endearment and titles of honor.

For thirty years Aurelius was unintermitting in his attentions to this worthless woman. He even loaded her guilty male friends with favors, conferring upon them posts of trust and emolument. He sought for public opportunities to treat Faustina conspicuously with respect. By a public decree he pronounced her to be "Mother of the Camps and Armies," and ordered all the soldiery thus to honor her. He published a philosophic work, entitled "Meditations," which gained great renown. All Rome smiled as they read in this book the expressions of gratitude of their revered emperor to the immortal gods, for having conferred upon him a wife so pure, so gentle, so loving, so faithful. At his earnest request the senate declared her to be a goddess, erected temples for her worship, and invested her with the attributes of a Juno and Venus. He had a son, Commodus, who inherited all the vices of his mother.

Tidings came to Rome that the Russian Tartars, in appalling numbers, were invading the empire. The danger demanded the most vigorous action. Aurelius placed himself at the head of his troops. It was his last campaign. He had just reached Vienna, when he was seized by the plague, and died, in the 59th year of his age, the 19th of his reign, and in the year of our Lord 180.

ARE GEW-GAWS "NECESSARIES OF LIFE?"

The intercepted letters found sometime ago on the person of a rebel envoy to Europe, showed conclusively that the fair Dulcinias of Dixie were in great need of such indispensables as kid gloves, laces, perfumery, and all sorts of furbelows. Mrs. Jeff. Davis' orders for these fashionable staples were of a wholesale character. But the particulars of the late "Bread Riot" at Richmond afford still stronger evidence of the destitution to which the Daughters of Chivalry have been reduced in the matter of personal embellishments. The three thousand dames and damsels who participated in the row, appear to have been absolutely ravenous for new bonnets, dressgoods, and trinkets. The Richmond *Sentinel summed up the affair in these suggestive words:*

> *"The millinery, dry goods and fancy stores suffered as much as those containing the necessaries of life."*

Simple *Sentinel*—not to know that caps, French hats, silk robes, and glittering gew-gaws *are* necessaries of life to some ladies. The riot seems to have been rather an aristocratic affair upon the whole. It was headed by "a female above want," and directed mainly against the latest spring fashions. The Richmond papers have not given us the war cries of the interesting insurgents, but it is easy to guess them. "Embroidery or Extermination," "Gloves or Graves," "Ribbons or Ruin," "Diamonds or Death," would seem to be appropriate watchwords in such a "raid." President Davis, it is said, pacified the fair creatures by promising to "supply their wants at the expense of the government." Miserable man! The "summer styles" will be due in a week or two, and where is he to get them? Even could he procure them, how is he to stand the cost?

VICTORIES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WON.

After the smoke and dust of an inglorious campaign have rolled away from the theatre of war, it is not difficult to see how disasters might have been prevented and success secured. We should be careful, however, in arraigning the acts of military commanders at particular crises, not to judge of them by a state of facts which the parties held responsible had no means of ascertaining at the time, although it became palpable enough when the evil was past remedy. We have only to glance at some of the great battles which have decided the fate of empires to learn how often the best plans are rendered nugatory in war by circumstances against which no foresight can guard. From the defeat of Pompey at Pharsalia to the repulse of Burnside at Fredericksburgh, there have been few military disasters that history does not show might have been avoided, or converted into victories. But, unfortunately, history is too apt, as it throws a blaze of light on all the circumstances bearing upon the event, to forget that only a portion of them could by any possibility have been foreseen by the defeated party. By all the rules of war, Napoleon ought to have thrashed Wellington at Waterloo; but, in consequence of Grouchy's infidelity or stupidity, the Prussians arrived on the field in time to change the destinies of Europe. As Burns says, "the wisest schemes of mice and men oft gang agley," and we ought not to permit our after-knowledge of all the circumstances of a case to bias our verdict on the conduct of parties who could not have known more than half of them.

* * *

—A French political writer says that so long as Eugenie reigns in the *salons* of the Tuileries, there will be no intervention in American affairs by France, *because* she fears that intervention would be followed by war with this country, and that *that* would use up all the Emperor's funds and leave her without the means to gratify her tastes, which are said to be more extravagant and luxurious than those of Semiramis or Cleopatra. It is reported that the doors of her boudoir, which are made of fanciful and exquisitely wrought combinations of ebony, ivory, gold and mother-of-pearl, cost over $100,000; that she frequently expends thousands of dollars upon a single article of dress, and *then casts it aside after wearing it but once*, and that she lavishes her bounties upon favorite charities with the munificence of an oriental despot, whose treasuries are heaped with "barbaric gems and gold." By such means she annually expends the revenues of a state, and her ostentatious and reckless extravagance grows from year to year with its unchecked gratification. It is often said that devastating wars have been occasioned by the whims of queens and empresses, but in this case it seems that the imperial feminine weaknesses are on the side of peace.

ORIENTAL SAGACITY.—HOW A MURDERER WAS DETECTED.

The Asiatics have a perception of character which peculiarly fits them for the legal profession—and this faculty, perhaps, is more distinctly developed among the Arabs than among any other Eastern race. They are accustomed to read the book of Nature for the signs by which they find their course over the trackless desert. An Arab will tell by the track of a camel's hoof whether it went loaded or otherwise; and, carrying the same kind of sagacity into his intercourse with his fellow men, he will read in the human face many a paragraph of concealed guilt or gnawing remorse.

An Arab Sheik of some note, returning late at night to his tents on the edge of the desert, was murdered, and the body thrown into a dry cistern hard by. Next day a neighbor called upon the wife of the deceased and with a look of much concern, asked her whether her husband had yet returned to his tent, or whether she had heard any news of him. On her replying in the negative, the man began to tear his beard and display other signs of great inquietude, after the manner of the Arabs, saying: "Last night, as I lay wrapped in deep sleep, something caused me to awake with a start, and there, standing upright before me in the moonlight, I saw your husband as plainly as I see you now. He was pale and his eyes were wild, and, withdrawing his hand from his breast he displayed a wound, inflicted, as he said in a deep and ghostly voice, by the poniard of Mebruk, who then threw his body into the old well by the three palms. Search the well for him, and see whether I have spoken the truth."

The well at the three palms was immediately searched, and at the bottom of it was found the body of the Sheik, with a poniard wound in the breast. Mebrouk, the Arab indicated by the ghost-seer, was seized and brought before the three cadis who were hearing causes at the judgment seat, two of whom, on hearing the accuser's evidence, were for finding him guilty at once, but the third, who was an old wanderer of the desert, and a reader of the lines written upon the human face, said: "Not yet, my friends; if Justice is blind, surely she requires a guide to direct her steps. Have we any law by which the evidence of a ghost may be received as valid? If there be such, and if a spirit from the other world visited this witness with a story of how he came there, surely the same spirit will not refuse to appear at the bar of justice if regularly summoned. Summon, O crier, with three several calls, the spirit of the Sheik Ibrahim to appear before us, in order that we may hear his narrative from his own lips."

Three times, in front of the judgment tent, was the spirit of the Sheik Ibrahim summoned to appear, but no spirit came to the crier's call.

"Now," resumed the old cadi, "the prisoner Mebrouk has hitherto borne an irreproachable character among the tents, and we ought to have something more to convict him upon than the assertions of one who professes to have seen a ghost. True, that no blood has been found upon the poniard of the ghost-seer, but you will remark, on looking narrowly at him, a crimson blotch behind his right ear, as though he had wiped his gory finger there."

At these words the ghost-seer made a sudden movement, and, wetting with his mouth, in trembling haste, the corner of his garment, sought to wipe off with it the supposed mark of guilt.

"*He pales now*," said the old cadi, "*but he paled not when he narrated the story of a departed spirit, at which terrible thing the souls* of the bravest quail. Search his tent, and you will find there the jewels taken by him from the body of the murdered Sheik."

And it was as the old cadi said. Jewels and a purse, recognized as having belonged to the Sheik Ibrahim, were found buried in the sand within the ghost-seer's tent, on which he made full confession of his crime, saying that he had murdered the Sheik for his wealth, and sought to lay the crime upon Mebrouk, both to exculpate himself and to get rid of the latter, whom he feared and hated because of his forgiveness of him, the ghost-seer, by whom he had once been robbed of a large sum of money.

Hating those who forgive a wrong is a common weakness of mean-spirited men, such as the Arab ghost-seer, who was excuted on the edge of the desert for killing the Sheik Ibrahim at the cistern of the three palms.

"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY."

Our readers must have observed that the wheel of Fashion, in its slow but sure revolutions, brings back to view the same objects time after time, like a revolving panorama. The hooped skirts that belonged to the last century have broken out anew in this; and those wide pantaloons, now known by the name of "pegtops," are but feeble imitations of the balloon trousers, with plaits at the hips, that were worn by the swells of forty years ago. We see, by late English papers, that a very ugly appendage is about being revived in fashionable London circles. That odious little beast, the Pug Dog, is again sought after by the aristocratic ladies of the land. Thirty or forty years ago, it was a common thing to see protruding from the carriage window of wealth and leisure an ugly, little, black muzzle, surmounted by tawny brows, from which projected a pair of protruding, bead-like eyes. From one side of the muzzle stuck out a little bit of red tongue, with a half contemptuous, half lethargic expression of defiance of everybody and everything, and the jagged teeth belonging to the under jaw lapped over the upper lip in a way that imparted a sinister expression of "snap" to the whole countenance. The body by which this monkey-like head was maintained was generally of a tan or mouse color, bloated with over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table—for Pug was always *there*—and finished off at the end opposite to the head by a little brown scroll, resembling nothing so much as a twist of pig-tail tobacco. That was Pug's tail. His legs were ludicrously thin and bandy, and his feet like those of a rat. This beauty had usually a silver—nay, in some cases a golden collar about his neck, and for his couch he had a silken and tasselled cushion, placed on the most sheltered aspect of the hearth-rug, before the fire. Sometimes Pug had a chair of his own; but then he was liable to be sat on by visitors, and mutual interests demanded that he should repose upon the rug. In course of time people found out Pug. He was ugly, he was ill-tempered, and he had no business to loll his tongue out that way. Pug was discarded. Then the King Charles Spaniel came into favor with ladies, who had once been young, and, latterly, that curious, tow-headed, little fellow, the Skye Terrier, was all the rage in England. But the wheel, it seems, has brought Pug round again; and as "every dog has his day," there is little doubt that Pug will put money in the pocket of many a dealer.

* * *

TOUCHING.—A newspaper published in New Castle, England, says that a short time since a carpenter residing in that town received an order to make a child's coffin, one of the conditions being that it would have a *lock and key*. The father wished to preserve some tangible memorial of the last resting place of his child, and his intention was to wear the key of its coffin round his neck!

A LITTLE STORY FOR THE TIMES.

There is many a good moral to be derived from the fabulous episodes that are interwoven with ancient history; and it seems to us that in the following there may be discerned something not altogether inapplicable to passing events.

It is related that Aristomenes, chief of the Messenians, was captured by his enemies, and condemned to be cast into a deep pit. The fatal hour for the execution had arrived, and an immense turmoil of people were assembled to witness it. Just as the captive was hurled by his executioners off the brim of the abyss, an eagle sweeped down from the sky, and, clutching his robe in its talons, bore up against him in his descent, so that he reached the bottom of the abyss uninjured, on which the noble bird ascended by the way it came, and soared proudly back into its boundless dominions. Although unhurt of limb, Aristomenes was rendered for some time insensible by the rapidity of his descent. On coming to himself, he examined the cavern into which he had fallen. Its sides were perpendicular, and so far down from the upper air lay its rocky floor, that but few and faint were the rays of sunlight that ever reached it. So Aristomenes, faint with hunger, covered up his face with his robe, and laid him down to die. After a long while, he heard a rustling noise in the darkness of the cave, and, on looking up, descried dimly a fox devouring a dead fowl. Joy at the possibility of escape from a horrible death revived the fainting hero. He knew that there must be some outlet to the shaft, and he determed to find it. Waiting quietly, then, until the fox came within arm's length of him, he clutched it by the tail with one hand, while with the other, wrapped in his robe, he parried the attacks of the animal whenever it turned to bite him. Presently the fox made efforts to break away, on which Aristomenes yielded so far as to allow it to move forward, still keeping fast grip of it by the tail. Onward they went, draggling through slimy pools and over cold and clammy rocks, haunt of the lizard and the snake, until a small spot of light appeared in the distance. Then Aristomenes let go his hold of the fox, which clambered up the narrow gulley leading to the hole, through which it quickly disappeared. The passage was narrow, but with great labor our hero worked his way through it, and once more emerged into the light of day. He then concealed himself in some bushes until night fell, when he took his way by paths well known to him across the mountains, rejoined his people, put himself again at the head of his army, and routed his enemies with great slaughter, utter demoralization having seized upon them when they beheld what they supposed to be the spirit of their victim bearing down upon them.

The allegory contained in this little story goes to teach that the force of the eagle and the cunning of the fox are good elements for a successful general. Its application may be extended at the present time, however. There is a great Spirit that watches over our country, emblematized in the form of an eagle by our ancestors, and this great Spirit is not going *to allow us to fall*. There will be trouble yet—Aristomenes pining in the gloomy cave—but the ray of light will dawn at last, though we are not yet prepared to divulge the name of the fox by which we are to be guided to it.

ADVICE AND ADVISERS.

There are some people who pride themselves on what they consider their gift for giving advice, and who, without the faintest glimmer of an approach to the real state of the case, oracularly promulgate their pro and con decrees regarding it. *Not* to follow it is as surely to come to grief, as acquiescence leads to the seventh heaven of peace and felicity; and the wider astray are such from the mark of practicability, the more positive and dogmatical they become. Now to reason with such, is to waste both breath and temper. In short, a deaf ear is the only remedy. Even well-meaning, well-intentioned advice may not be followed without self-conference and self-judgment. It may be well, if one has time enough, to listen to it; but he who allows everybody else to decide for him; he who follows every turn of the road which has a finger-post, will scarcely reach his journey's end; or, if at all, in a very limping condition. Unfortunate indeed are they who must call a council to sit upon every question that turns up for decision; unfortunate are the selected counsel, to be blamed or praised at the uncertain will of the vacillating; and blessed are the judiciously self-reliant, who can look at a subject upon more sides than one, and come to an irreversible decision without borrowing anybody's spectacles, or badgering acquaintances to know "what they think about it." In listening to advice one must always listen with qualified ears, as to the possible *motives* of the adviser. It is not accounted pretty to say so, but often under the garb of disinterestedness lurks the cloven foot of self interest and self-aggrandizement. Sometimes the adviser has really no opinion at all on the subject in question, but drums up an "Aye," or a "No," at the shortest possible notice, to be rid of the bore of thinking about it. Sometimes timidity and conservatism will so hedge a subject about with caution, that an eternity of gingerly treading were necessary to follow out the programme. Now life is too short for all this "pother;" and he who puts his leading strings into the hands of all his dear five hundred friends and submits himself to their spasmodic twitchings and jerkings, will have more ups and downs than he reckoned for, when he thought in this way to shift from his own shoulders the load of personal responsibility. Commend us to your out-spoken, stand-off people, who make plenty of elbow-room for themselves as they move along. Nor could we ever see that they encroached half as much upon the territory of others, as the grown-up infant who, unable to stand alone, keeps tumbling about to the right and left, just where his own infirmity or a chance push throws him.

FANNY FERN.

* * *

—One day, recently, a lady, with an infant but a few months old, was riding in a city railroad car. The child seemed to be ill, and cried violently, whereupon a couple of men sitting opposite made sneering observations on "squalling brats," and laughed rudely at the mother's unavailing efforts to soothe her child and hush its cries. This unmannerly conduct so pained the lady that she herself began to weep, whereupon a gentleman called upon the two men to cease their annoyance or leave the car. At this they flared up and threatened to "punch" the gentleman's head; but he being made of the right stuff soon cowed them into silence and decency by the mere power of his eye, backed up by significant belligerent movements on the part of other gentlemen present, and they at last left the car in a highly sneaking and crest-fallen condition. A man who would thus annoy and insult a mother who is so unfortunate as to have her child taken ill in a public conveyance, ought to have the mark of Cain, or something equivalent, fastened upon his brow forever.

* * *

—True glory strikes root, and even extends itself; all false pretensions fall as do flowers, nor can anything feigned be lasting.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 123.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

I am tempted to tell you, Mr. Bonner, the history of some of my books. There is a history to some of them, and a moral too. Even no longer ago than in my boyhood, books were not abundant in New England. I knew of but few libraries in the town in which I was reared, though it was a place of both wealth and refinement. It is true there were private collections of books and slender professional libraries. But I doubt if there was a library of five hundred volumes in the county. The college library, when I entered the august portals of college, was very slender. Yet it seemed to me, then, a wonder and wilderness of books! At the village bookstore, besides the regular class-books, a few English classics were kept. These I aspired to own. I had no money. Over and above term and board bills, I do not believe that I spent twenty dollars a year for small personal gratifications. A simple reason for the abstemiousness was that I had not the money to spend. How then could I buy books? Necessity is the mother of invention. I earned them by walking! We have seen accounts of large bets lost or won by pedestrians. But we walked the foundation of a library into our possession.

It was in this wise. Money being sent for travelling expenses home, we took the road and made the journey on foot, saving at least two-thirds of the stage fare. On another occasion, being sent as college delegate to a temperance convention in a neighboring town, my travelling expenses being paid, I saved the whole by being at no expense. In those early days, about 1830, it was not the custom to pay men for lectures and addresses. The honor of the invitation was accounted a sufficient reward. Only the expenses of the speaker were paid; and not always that. Our first public lecture was given in Brattleboro', Vt. It was a temperance lecture. It was memorable—to me. We recollect, as if but yesterday, the labor of preparing it; the dreamy wonder with which we marvelled at the invitation—whether it was in earnest, or designed as a sportive hoax. When we reached the place, stood up before as many as the church could hold, began to speak, perceived that men were really listening, heard them laugh, saw signs of consent and sympathy, and, finally, finished, with some congratulations, we really felt a change of being! We had made an hour's speech, all by ourselves, and could do it again! So, life was begun. The plow was in the furrow. Generally, expense money was calculated to a fraction upon known data of stage fare, hotel bills, &c. But in this case generosity was practiced. A round sum of ten dollars was given, though the expenses really could not have been above eight; and by walking we reduced them, in fact, to about two; so that we returned with at least eight dollars in our pocket. Thus we bought and paid for some fifty volumes, which were dearer to us than gold.

Alas! those books! Only one or two remain! In those days there was no railroad communications with the great West. We sent to Cincinnati by New Orleans! My little property was boxed, and duly shipped. Months passed, and fear and despair of ever seeing them followed. At length, a cousin of the same name, passing along a street in New Orleans, heard his name repeated by the auctioneer, entering he bid off a lot of letters and papers that were exposed for sale. They were my college compositions, family letters, and miscellaneous papers. The books had been sold for warehouse charges, [illegible] the end of my long labor!

I began again, however, and spent little for personal gratifications, and before the end of my three years' professional study, had replaced and added to the number of my forfeited library. By some strange whim, I had carried a few choicer books to the West in my trunk. These are the souvenirs of my first library, and precious are they.

Mr. Bonner, may not some of the ten thousand young people who read the LEDGER take a hint of this small bit of personal history, and begin to secure for themselves a library? Books now are abundant and cheap. The ambition of making a good collection would inspire frugality, self-denial, industry, and patient enterprise. But, as the little stock increases, the pleasure will repay a thousand fold. Meanwhile, such tastes would ward off more dangerous ones. And moral results would follow in the track of intellectual relishes.

At any rate, I look with special tenderness on those books that started with me, and have come all the way through life with me. They are witnesses and companions, as well as instructors!

The Lock of Gold.

STREPHON.

That little golden lock, my girl,
  Which nestles 'neath thine ear,
If severed from its sister curl
  To me would be *so* dear.

FLORA.

How *could* you Strephon!—think again,
  Ere thus in hope you soar
Such value, gratis, to obtain,
  With gold at fifty-four!

FREAKS OF AN ELEPHANT.

Some years ago, there was an elephant in the Zoological Garden at Antwerp, whose intelligence and docility made it very popular with the visitors. One day, an English gentleman was so pleased with the fascinating manners of the noble animal that he procured a quantity of sweet cakes and other confections, and, placing them in his straw hat, held them out for the entertainment of the elephant, who picked out the delicacies one by one, swallowed them, and then, taking it for granted that straw, no matter in what shape, is fodder, quietly crushed the hat into his enormous mouth, and crunched it up with evident relish. This was looked upon as a capital joke by the bystanders, one of whom, who had a straw hat on, was particularly facetious upon the occasion. Just as he had made a very successful sally, however, at the expense of the hatless man, he felt his own hat gently lifted off his head, and, on looking up, was just in time to catch the last glimpse of it as it disappeared down the elephant's throat. On several occasions subsequent to this the elephant picked off and devoured hats made of the same cheap though wholesome material; and, in one instance, a lady's Spring bonnet was thus recklessly appropriated by him, ribbons, pins and all. At last it became necessary for the authorities to interfere, and notices were posted up on the premises, warning all persons thatched with straw from going within reach of the elephant's trunk.

* * *

—A man who temporarily held the office of Collector of Internal Revenue at Hartford, but whose nomination was rejected by the United States Senate, occupies three columns of the *Hartford Press* in detailing his grievances against Senator Dixon, whose ill-will it seems he provoked and to whose influence he attributes his rejection. Three columns, it strikes us, is a pretty liberal quantity of space to occupy with such a matter, when the author of the statement could have summed it all up in one brief sentence: "*I quarreled with Senator Dixon, lost my appointment, and feel bad about it.*"

CRAZY AGNES.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Toll no bell for crazy Agnes,
  Wear no sombre weeds of woe:
Though she lies within her coffin,
  But a mortal drift of snow.

With her white hands folded softly
  On the breast that never more
Shall be tossed with tidal surges
  By the heart-wreck flung ashore.

Lay the flowers she loved about her,
  Bind the wreath of eglantine
On the brow so fair and spotless,
  Crown her, as of old, a queen.

Fill her hands with summer flowers,
  Such as she was wont to wear,
Lay the roses freshly budded
  By her cheek, amid her hair.

Kiss the brow where mists and error,
  Weary thoughts no more shall come;
Kiss the eyes, whence troubled spirits
  Looked, and crowded from its home.

The gentle soul—till nearing heaven
  The light of glory shot its ray,
And called the pris'ner out of darkness,
  Bidding shadows flee away.

Joyfully with thought unclouded,
  Homeward fled the tired child;
Dost remember ere she left us
  How the pilgrim turned and smiled?

Restless brain, at peace forever,
  Darkened soul, all bathed in light;
Willow wand and tattered roses
  Laid forever out of sight.

Softly sing in sober gladness
  For the weary one at rest;
Toll no bell for saintly Agnes,
  Leaning on the Saviour's breast.

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BERENICE.

Her cheeks grew pale and dim her eye,
Her voice was low, her mirth was stay'd
Upon her heart there seemed to lie
The darkness of a nameless shade;
She paced the house from room to room
Her form became a walking gloom.
READ.

It was yet early in the afternoon when Berenice reached Brudenell Hall.

Before going to her own apartments, she looked into the drawing-room, and seeing Mrs. Brudenell, inquired:

"Any news of Herman yet, mamma, dear?"

"No, love, not yet. You've had a pleasant drive, Berenice?"

"Very pleasant."

"I thought so; you have more color than when you went. You should go out every morning, my dear."

"Yes, mamma," said the young lady, hurrying away.

Mrs. Brudenell recalled her.

"Come in here, if you please, my love; I want to have a little conversation with you."

Berenice threw her bonnet, cloak and muff upon the hall table and entered the drawing-room.

Mrs. Brudenell was alone; her daughters had not yet come down; she beckoned her son's wife to take the seat on the sofa by her side.

And when Berenice had complied, she said:

"It is of yourself and Herman that I wish to [illegible] my dear."

"Yes, mamma?"

The lady hesitated, and then suddenly said:

"It is now nearly a week since my son disappeared; he left his home abruptly, without explanation, in the dead of night, at the very hour of your arrival! That was very strange."

"Very strange," echoed the unloved wife.

"What was the meaning of it, Berenice?"

"Indeed, mamma, I do not know."

"What, then, is the cause of his absence?"

"Indeed, indeed, I do not know."

"Berenice! he fled from *your* presence. There is evidently some misunderstanding or estrangement between yourself and your husband. I can not ask him for an explanation. Hitherto I have forborne to ask you. But now that a week has passed without any tidings of my son, I have a right to demand the explanation. Give it to me."

"Mamma, I cannot; for I know no more than yourself," answered Berenice, in a tone of distress.

"You do not *know*; but you must *suspect*. Now what do you suspect to be the cause of his going?"

"I do not even suspect, mamma."

"What do you conjecture, then?" persisted the lady.

"I can not conjecture; I am all lost in amazement, mamma; but I feel—I feel—that it must be some fault in myself," faltered Berenice.

"What fault?"

"Ah, there again I am lost in perplexity; faults I have enough, Heaven knows; but what particular one is strong enough to estrange my husband I do not know, I cannot guess."

"Has he never accused you?"

"Never, mamma."

"Nor quarrelled with you?"

"Never!"

"Nor complained of you at all?"

"No, mamma! The first intimation that I had of his displeasure was given me the night of my arrival, when he betrayed some annoyance at my coming upon him suddenly without having previously written. I gave him what I supposed to be sufficient reasons for my act—the same reasons that I afterwards gave you."

"They were perfectly satisfactory. And even if they had not been so, it was no just cause for his behavior. Did he find fault with any part of your conduct previous to your arrival?"

"No, mamma; certainly not. I have told you so before."

"And this is true?"

"As true as Heaven, mamma."

"Then it is easy to fix upon the cause of his bad conduct—*that girl!*—it is a good thing she is dead," hissed the elder lady between her teeth.

She spoke in a tone too low to reach the ears of Berenice, who sat with her weeping face buried in her handkerchief.

There was silence for a little while between the ladies. Berenice was the first to break it, by asking:

"Mamma, can you imagine where he is?"

"No, my love! And if I do not feel so anxious about him as you feel, it is because I know him better than you do. And I know that it is some unjustifiable caprice that is keeping him from his home. When he comes to his senses he will return. In the meanwhile, we must not, by any show of anxiety, give the servants or the neighbors any cause to gossip of his disappearance. And *I* must not have my plans upset by his whims. I have already delayed my departure for Washington longer than I like; and my daughters have missed the great ball of the season. I am not willing to remain here any longer at all. And I think, also, that we shall be more likely to meet Herman by going to town than by staying here. Washington is the great centre of attraction at this season of the year. Every one goes there. I have a very pleasant furnished house on Lafayette square. It has been quite ready for our reception for the last fortnight. Some of our servants have already gone up. So, my love, I have fixed our departure for Saturday morning, if you think you can be ready by that time. If not, I can wait a day or two."

"I thank you, mamma; I thank you very much; but pray do not inconvenience yourself on my account. I can not go to town. I must stay here and wait my husband's return—*if he ever returns*," murmured Berenice to herself.

"But suppose he is in Washington?"

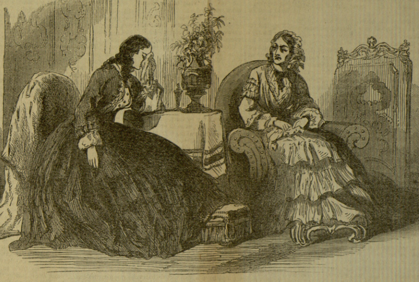
"Still, mamma, as he has not invited me to follow him, I prefer to stay here."

"But surely, child, you need no invitation to follow your husband, wherever he may be."

"Indeed I do, mamma. I came to him from Europe, here, and my doing so displeased him and drove him away from his home. And I myself would return to my native country, only, now that I am in my husband's house, I feel that to leave it would be to abandon my post of duty and expose myself to just censure. But I can not follow him farther, mamma; I can not! I must not obtrude myself upon his presence. I must remain here and pray and hope for his return," sighed the poor, young wife.

"Berenice, this is all wrong; you are morbid; not fit, in your present state of mind, to guide yourself. Be guided by me; come with me to Washington; you will really enjoy yourself there; you can not help it; your beauty will make you the reigning belle; your taste will make you the leader of fashion; and your title will constitute you the lioness of the season; for mark you, Berenice, there is nothing, not even the 'almighty dollar,' that our consistent republicans fall down and worship with a sincerer homage than a title! All your combined attractions will make you whatever you please to be."

"Except the beloved of my husband," murmured Berenice, in a low voice.



A REVELATION.

"That also! for, believe me, my dear, many men admire and love through other men's eyes. My son is one of the many. Nothing in this world would bring him to your side so quickly as to see you the centre of attraction in the first circles of the capital."

"Ah, Madam, the situation would lack the charm of novelty to him; he has been accustomed to seeing me fill similar ones in London and in Paris," said the countess, with a proud though mournful smile.

Mrs. Brudenell's face flushed as she became conscious of having made a blunder—a thing she abhorred, so she hastened to say:

"Oh, of course, my dear, I know, after the European courts, our Republican capital must seem an anti-climax! Still, it is the best thing I can offer you, and I counsel you to take it."

"I feel deeply grateful for your kindness, mamma; but, you know I could not enter society, except under the auspices of my husband," replied Berenice.

"You can enter society under the auspices of your husband's *mother*, the very best chaperone you could possibly have," said the lady, coldly.

"I know that, mamma."

"Then you will come with us?"

"Excuse me, madam; indeed I am not thankless for your thought of me. But I cannot go; for even if I had the spirits to sustain the role of a woman of fashion in the gay capital this winter, I feel that in doing so I should still farther displease and alienate my husband. No, I must remain here in retirement, doing what good I can, and hoping and praying for his return," sighed Berenice.

Mrs. Brudenell hastily rose from her seat. She was not accustomed to opposition; she was too proud to plead farther; and she was very much displeased with Berenice for disappointing her cherished plan of introducing her daughter, the Countess of Hurstmonceaux, to the circles of Washington.

"The first dinner bell has rung some time ago, my dear. I will not detain you longer. Myself and daughters leave for town on Saturday."

Berenice bowed gently, and went up stairs to change her dress for dinner.

On Saturday, according to programme, Mrs. Brudenell and her daughters went to town, travelling in their capacious family carriage, and Berenice was left alone. Yes, she was left alone to a solitude of heart and home, difficult to be understood by beloved and happy wives and mothers. The strange, wild country, the large, empty house, the grotesque black servants, were enough in themselves to depress the spirits and sadden the heart of the young English lady. Added to these were the deep wounds her affections had received by the contemptuous desertion of her husband; there was uncertainty of his fate, and keen anxiety for his safety; and the slow, wasting soul-sickness of that fruitless hope which is worse than despair.

Every morning, on rising from her restless bed, she would say to herself:

"Herman will return or I shall get a letter from him to-day."

"Every night, on sinking upon her sleepless pillow, she would sigh:

"Another dreary day has gone and no news of Herman!"

Thus, in feverish expectation, the days crept into weeks. And with the extension of time hope grew more strained, tense and painful.

On Monday morning she would murmur:

"This week I shall surely hear from Herman if I do not see him."

And every Saturday night she would groan:

"Another miserable week and no tidings of my husband."

And thus the weeks slowly crept into months.

Mrs. Brudenell wrote occasionally to say that Herman was not in Washington, and to ask if he was at Brudenell. That was all. The answer was always, "Not yet."

Berenice could not go out among the poor, as she had designed; for in that wilderness of hill and valley, wood and water, the roads even in the best weather were bad enough—but in midwinter they were nearly impassable except by the hardiest pedestrians, the roughest horses, and the strongest wagons. Very early in January there came a deep snow, followed by a sharp frost, and then by a warm rain and a thaw, that converted the hills into seamed and guttered precipices; the valleys into pools and quagmires; and the roads into ravines and rivers—quite impracticable for ordinary passengers.

Berenice could not get out to do her deeds of charity among the suffering poor; nor could the landed gentry of the neighborhood make calls upon the young stranger. And thus the unloved wife had nothing to divert her thoughts from the one all-absorbing subject of her husband's unexplained abandonment. The fire that was consuming her life—the fire of "restless, unsatisfied longing"—burned fiercely in her cavernous dark eyes and hollow crimson cheeks, lending wildness to the beauty of that face which it was slowly burning away.

As spring advanced the ground improved. The hills dried first. And every day the poor young stranger would wander up the narrow footpath that led over the summit of the hill at the back of the house, and down to a stile at a point on the turnpike that commanded a wide sweep of the road. And there, leaning on the rotary cross, she would watch morbidly for the form of him who never came back.

Gossip was busy with her name, asking, Who this strange wife of Mr. Brudenell really was? Why he had abandoned her? And why Mrs. Brudenell had left the house for good, taking her daughters with her? There were some uneducated women among the wives and daughters of the wealthy planters, and these wished to know if the strange young woman was really the wife of Herman Brudenell, why she was called Lady Hurstmonceaux? and they thought *that* looked very black indeed; until they were laughed at and enlightened by their better informed friends, who instructed them that a woman once a peeress is always by courtesy a peeress, and retains her own title even though married to a commoner.

Upon the whole the planters' wives decided to call upon the countess, once at least, to satisfy their curiosity. Afterwards they could visit or drop her as might seem expedient.

Thus, as soon as the roads became passable, scarcely a day went by in which a large, lumbering family coach, driven by a negro coachman and attended by a negro groom on horseback, did not arrive at Brudenell.

To one and all of these callers the same answer was returned:

"The Countess of Brudenell is engaged, and cannot receive visitors."

The tables were turned. The country ladies, who had been debating with themselves whether to "take up" or "drop" this very questionable stranger, received their congée from the countess herself at the threshold of her own door. The planters' wives were stunned! Each was a native queen, in her own little domain, over her own black subjects, and to meet with a repulse from a foreign countess, was an incomprehensible thing!

The reverence for titled foreigners, for which we republicans have been justly laughed at, is confined exclusively to those large cities corrupted by European intercourse. It does *not* exist in the interior of the country. For instance, in Maryland and Virginia, the owner of a large plantation has a domain greater in territorial extent, and a power over his subjects more absolute, than that of any reigning grand-duke or sovereign prince in Germany or Italy. The planter is an absolute monarch, his wife is his queen-consort; they see no equals and know no contradiction in their own realm. Their neighbors are as powerful as themselves. When they meet, they meet as peers on equal terms, the only precedence being that given by courtesy. How, then, could the planter's wife appreciate the dignity of a countess, who, on state occasions, must walk behind a marchioness, who must walk behind a duchess, who must walk behind a queen? Thus you see how it was that the sovereign ladies of Maryland thought they were doing a very condescending thing in calling upon the young stranger, whose husband had deserted her, and whose mother and sisters-in-law had left her alone; and that her ladyship had committed a great act of ill-breeding and impertinence in declining their visits.

At the close of the Washington season, Mrs. Brudenell and her daughters returned to the hall. She told her friends that her son was travelling in Europe; but she told her daughter-in-law that she only hoped he was doing so; that she really had not heard a word from him, and did not know anything whatever of his whereabouts.

Mrs. Brudenell and her daughters received and paid visits; gave and attended parties, and made the house and the neighborhood very gay in the pleasant summer time.

Berenice did not enter into any of these amusements. She never accepted an invitation to go out. And even when company were entertained at the house, she kept her own suit of rooms, and had her meals brought to her there. Mrs. Brudenell was excessively displeased at a course of conduct in her daughter-in-law that would naturally give rise to a great deal of conjecture. She expostulated with Lady Hurstmonceaux; but to no good purpose; for Berenice shrunk from company, replying to all the arguments that could be urged upon her:

"I cannot—I cannot see visitors, mamma! It is quite—quite impossible."

And then Mrs. Brudenell made a resolution, which she also kept—never to come to Brudenell Hall for another summer, until Herman should return to his home and Berenice to her senses. And having so decided, she abridged her stay and went away with her daughters to spend the remainder of the summer at some pleasant watering-place in the North.

And Berenice was once more left to solitude.

Now, Lady Hurstmonceaux was not naturally cold or proud or unsocial; but as surely as brains can turn, and hearts break, and women die of grief, she was crazy, heart-broken and dying.

She turned sick at the sight of every human face, because the one dear face she loved and longed for was not near. The pastor of the parish, with the benevolent perseverence of a true Christian, continued to call at the Hall, long after every other human creature had ceased to visit the place. But Lady Hurstmonceaux steadly refused to receive him.

She never went to church. Her cherished sorrow grew morbid; her hopeless hope became a monomania; her life narrowed down to one mournful routine. She went no where but to the turnstile on the turnpike, where she leaned upon the rotary cross, and watched the road.

Even to this day, the pale, despairing, but most beautiful face of that young watcher is remembered in that neighborhood.

Only very recently, a lady, who had lived in that vicinity, said to me, in speaking of this young forsaken wife—this stranger in our land:

"Yes, every day she walked slowly up that narrow path to the turnstile, and stood leaning on the cross and gazing up the road, to watch for *him*—every day, rain or shine; in all weathers and seasons; for months and years."

CHAPTER XIX.

NOBODY'S SON.

Not blest? not saved? Who dares to doubt all well
  With holy innocence? We scorn the creed
And tell thee truer than the bigots tell,—
  That infants *all* are Jesu's lambs indeed.
MARTIN F. TUPPER.

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake my babe to weep;
The tenant of a frail abode
Thy tears must flow as mine have flowed:
And thou may'st live perchance to prove
The pang of unrequited love.
BYRON.

Ishmael lived! Poor, thin, pale, sick; sent too soon into the world; deprived of all that could nurture healthy infant life; fed on ungenial food; exposed in that bleak hut to the piercing cold of that severe winter; tended only by a poor old maid who honestly wished his death as the best good that could happen to him—Ishmael lived!

One day it occurred to Hannah that he was created to live! This being so, and Hannah being a good churchwoman, she thought she would have him baptized. He had no legal name; but that was no reason why he should not receive a Christian one. The cruel human law discarded him as nobody's child; the merciful Christian law claimed him as one "of the kingdom of Heaven." The human law denied him a name; the Christian law offered him one.

The next time the pastor, in going his charitable rounds among his poor parishioners, called at the hut, the weaver mentioned the subject and begged him to baptize the boy then and there.

But the reverend gentleman, who was a high churchman, replied:

"I will cheerfully administer the rites of baptism to the child; but you must bring him to the altar to receive them. Nothing but imminent danger of death can justify the performance of those sacred rights at any other place. Bring the boy to church next Sabbath afternoon."

"What! bring *this* child to church!—before all the congregation!! I should die of mortification!" said Hannah.

"Why?—Are you to blame for what has happened? Or is he? Even if the boy were what he is supposed to be—the child of sin—it would not be his fault. Do you think in all the congregation there is a soul whiter than that of this child? Has not the Saviour said 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven?' Bring the boy to church, Hannah! bring the boy to church," said the pastor, as he took up his hat and departed.

Accordingly, the next Sabbath afternoon Hannah Worth took Ishmael to the church, which was, as usual, well filled.

Poor Hannah! Poor, gentle-hearted, pure-spirited old maid! She sat there in a remote corner pew, hiding the child under her shawl and hushing him with gentle caresses during the whole of the afternoon service. And when after the last lesson had been read, the minister came down to the font and said:

"Any persons present who have children to offer for baptism will now bring them forward."

Hannah felt as if she should faint. But summoning all her resolution, she arose and came out of her pew, carrying the child. Every eye in the church turned full upon her. There was no harm meant in this; people will gaze at ever such a little spectacle; a baby going to be baptized, if nothing else is to be had. But to Hannah's humbled spirit and sinking heart, to carry that child up that aisle under the fire of those eyes seemed like running a blockade of righteous indignation that appeared to surround the altar. But she did it. With downcast looks and hesitating steps she approached and stood at the font—alone—the target of every pair of eyes in the congregation. Only a moment she stood thus, when a countryman, with a start, left one of the side benches and came and stood by her side.

It was Reuben Gray, who, standing by her, whispered:

"Hannah, woman, why didn't you let me know? I would have come and sat in the pew with you and carried the child."

"Oh, Reuben, why will you mix yourself up with me and my miseries?" sighed Hannah.

"'Cause we are one, my dear woman, and so I can't help it," murmured the man.

There was no time for more words. The minister began the services. Reuben Gray offered himself as sponsor with Hannah, who had no right to refuse this sort of co-partnership.

The child was christened Ishmael Worth, thus receiving both given and surname at the altar.

When the afternoon worship was concluded and they left the church, Reuben Gray walked beside Hannah, begging for the privilege of carrying the child—a privilege Hannah grimly refused.

Reuben, undismayed, walked by her side all the way from Baymouth church to the hut on the hill, a distance of three miles. And taking advantage of that long walk, he pleaded with Hannah to re-consider her refusal and to become his wife.

"After a bit, we can go away and take the boy with us and bring him up as our'n. And nobody need to know any better," he pleaded.

But this also Hannah grimly refused.

When they reached the hut she turned upon him and said:

"Reuben Gray, I will bear my miseries and reproaches myself! I will bear them alone! Your duty is to your sisters. Go to them and forget me." And so saying, she actually shut the door in his face!

Reuben went away crest-fallen.

But Hannah! poor Hannah! she never anticipated the full amount of misery and reproach she would have to bear alone!

A few weeks passed and the money she had saved was all spent. No more work was brought to her to do. A miserable consciousness of lost caste prevented her from going to seek it. She did not dream of the extent of her misfortune; she did not know that even if she had sought work from her old employers, it would have been refused to her.

One day, when the Professor of Odd Jobs happened to be making a professional tour in her way, and called at the hut to see if his services might be required there, she gave him a commission to seek work for her among the neighboring farmers and planters—a duty that the professor cheerfully undertook.

But when she saw him again, about ten days after, and inquired about his success, in procuring employment for her, he shook his head, saying:

"There's a plenty of weaving waiting to be done everywhere, Miss Hannah—which it stands to reason there would be at this season of the year. There's all the cotton cloth for the negroes' summer clothes to be wove; but, Miss Hannah, to tell you the truth, the ladies as I've mentioned it to refuses to give the work to *you*."

"But why?" inquired the poor woman, in alarm.

"Well, Miss Hannah, because of what has happened, you know. The world is very unjust, Miss Hannah! And women are more unjust than men. If 'man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn,' I'm sure women's cruelty to women makes angels weep!" And here the professor, having lighted upon a high-toned subject and a helpless hearer, launched into a long oration, which I have not space to report. He ended by saying:

"And now, Miss Hannah, if I were you, I would not expose myself to affronts by going to seek work."

"But what can I do, Morris? Must I starve, and let the child starve?" asked the weaver, in despair.

"Well, no, Miss Hannah; me and my ole 'oman must see what we can do for you. She aint as young as she used to be, and she mustn't work so hard. She must part with some of her own spinning and weaving to you. And I must work a little harder to pay for it. Which I am very willing to do; for I say, Miss Hannah, when an able-bodied man is not willing to shift the burden off his wife's shoulders on to his own, he is unworthy to be——"

Here the professor launched into a second oration, longer than the first. In conclusion, he said:

"And so, Miss Hannah, we will give you what work we have to put out. And you must try to knock along and do as well as you can this season. And before the next the poor child will die, and the people will forget all about it, and employ you again."

"But the child is not agoing to die!" burst forth Hannah, in exasperation. "If he was the son of rich parents, whose hearts lay in him, and who piled comforts and luxuries and elegances upon him, and fell down and worshipped him, and had a big fortune and a great name to leave him, and so did everything they possibly could to keep him alive, HE'D DIE! But being what he is, a misery and shame to himself and all connected with him, HE'LL LIVE! Yes, half-perished as he is with cold and famine, HE'LL LIVE! Look at him now!"

The professor did turn and look at the little, thin, wizen-faced boy, who lay upon the bed, contentedly sucking his skinny thumb, and regarding the speakers with big, bright, knowing eyes, that seemed to say:

"Yes, I mean to suck my thumb and live!"

"To tell you the truth, I think so, too," said the professor, scarcely certain whether he was replying to the words of Hannah or to the looks of the child.

It is certain that the dread of death and the desire of life is the very earliest instinct of every animate creature. Perhaps this child was endowed with excessive vitality. Certainly, the babe's persistence in living on "under difficulties," might have been the germ of that enormous strength and power of will for which the man was afterwards so noted.

The professor kept his word with Hannah, and brought her some work. But the little that he could afford to pay for it was not sufficient to supply one-fourth of Hannah's necessities.

At last came a day when her provisions were all gone. And Hannah locked the child up alone in the hut, and set off to walk to Baymouth, to try to get some meal and bacon on credit from the country shop where she had dealt all her life.

Baymouth was a small port, at the mouth of a small bay making up from the Chesapeake. It had one church, in charge of the Episcopal minister who had baptized Norah's child. And it had one large, country store, kept by a general dealer, named Nutt; who had for sale everything to eat, drink, wear or wield, from sugar and tea to meat and fish; from linen cambric to linsey-woolsey; from bonnets and hats to boots and shoes; from new milk to old whiskey; from fresh eggs to stale cheese; and from needles and thimbles to ploughs and harrows.

Hannah, as I said, had been in the habit of dealing at this shop all her life, and paying cash for everything she got. So now, indeed, she might reasonably ask for a little credit, a little indulgence, until she could procure work. Yet, for all that, she blushed and hesitated at having to ask the unusual favor. She entered the store and found the dealer alone. She was glad of that, as she rather shrank from preferring her humble request before witnesses. Mr. Nutt hurried forward to wait on her. Hannah explained her wants, and then added:

"If you will please credit me for the things, Mr. Nutt, I will be sure to pay you the first of the month."

The dealer looked at the customer and then looked down at the counter, but made no reply.

Hannah, seeing his hesitation, hastened to say that she had been out of work all the winter and spring, but that she hoped soon to get some more, when she would be sure to pay her creditor.

"Yes, I know you have lost your employment, poor girl, and I fear that you will not get it again," said the dealer, with a look of compassion.

"But why, oh! why should I not be allowed to work, when I do my work so willingly and so well!" exclaimed Hannah, in despair.

"Well, my dear girl, if you do not know the reason, I cannot be the man to tell you."

"But if I cannot get work, what shall I do? Oh! what shall I do? I cannot starve! And I cannot see the child starve!" exclaimed Hannah, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes in earnest appeal to the judgment of the man who had known her from infancy; who was old enough to be her father, and who had a wife and grown daughter of his own:

"What shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?" she repeated.

Mr. Nutt still seemed to hesitate and reflect, stealing furtive glances at the anxious face of the woman. At last he bent across the counter, took her hand, and, bending his head close to her face, whispered:

"I'll tell you what, Hannah; I will let you have the articles you have asked for, and anything else in my store that you want, and I will never charge you anything for them——"

"Oh, sir, I couldn't think of imposing on your goodness so! The Lord reward you, sir! but I only want a little credit for a short time," broke out Hannah, in the warmth of her gratitude.

"But stop, hear me out, my dear girl! I was about to say you might come to my store and get whatever you want, at any time, without payment, if you will let me drop in and see you sometimes of evenings," whispered the dealer.

"Sir!" said Hannah, looking up in innocent perplexity.

The man repeated his proposal with a look that taught even Hannah's simplicity that she had received the deepest insult a woman could suffer. Hannah was a rude, honest, high-spirited old maid. And she immediately obeyed her natural impulses, which were to raise her strong hands and soundly box the villian's ears right and left, until he saw more stars in the firmament than had ever been created. And before he could recover the shock of the assault, she picked up her basket and strode from the shop. Indignation lent her strength and speed, and she walked home in double-quick time. But once in the shelter of her own hut, she sat down, threw her apron over head, and burst into passionate tears and sobs, crying:

"It's all along of poor Nora and that child, as I'm thought ill on by the women and insulted by the men! Yes, it is, you miserable little wretch!" she added, speaking to the baby, who had opened his big eyes to see the cause of the uproar. "It's all on her account and yourn, as I'm treated so! Why do you keep on living, you poor little shrimp? Why don't you die? Why can't both of us die? Many people die who want to live! Why should we live who want to die? Tell me that, little miserable!" But the baby defiantly sucked his thumb, as if it held the elixir of life, and looked indestructible vitality from his great, bright eyes.

Hannah never ventured to ask another favor from mortal man, except the very few in whom she could place entire confidence, such as the pastor of the parish, the Professor of Odd Jobs, and old Jovial. Especially she shunned Nutt's shop as she would have shunned a pest house; although this course obliged her to go two miles farther to another village to procure necessaries whenever she had money to pay for them.

Nutt, on his part, did not think it prudent to prosecute Hannah for assault. But he did a base thing more fatal to her reputation. He told his wife how that worthless creature, whose sister turned out so badly, had come running after *him*, wanting to get goods from his shop, and teazing him to come to see her; but that he had promptly ordered her out of the shop and threatened her with a constable if ever she dared to show her face there again.

False, absurd and cruel as this story was, Mrs. Nutt believed it, and told all her acquaintances what an abandoned wretch that woman was. And thus poor Hannah Worth lost all that she possessed in the world—her good name. She had always been very poor. But it would be too dreadful now to tell in detail of the depths of destitution and misery into which she and the child fell, and in which they suffered and struggled to keep soul and body together for years and years.

It is wonderful how long life may be sustained under the severest privations. Ishmael suffered the extremes of hunger and cold; yet he did not starve or freeze to death; he lived and grew in that mountain hut as pertinaciously as if he had been the pampered pet of some royal nursery.

At first Hannah did not love him. Ah, you know, such unwelcome children are seldom loved, even by their parents. But this child was so patient and affectionate, that it must have been an unnatural heart that would not have been won by his artless efforts to please. He bore hunger and cold and weariness with baby heroism. And if you doubt whether there is any such a thing in the world as "baby heroism," just visit the nursery hospitals of New York, and look at the cheerfulness of infant sufferers from disease.

Ishmael was content to sit upon the floor all day long, with his big eyes watching Hannah knit, sew, spin or weave, as the case might be. And if she happened to drop her thimble, scissors, spool of cotton or ball of yarn, Ishmael would crawl after it as fast as his feeble little limbs would take him, and bring it back and hold it up to her with a smile of pleasure, or, if the feat had been a fine one, a little laugh of triumph. Thus, even before he could walk, he tried to make himself useful. It was his occupation to love Hannah, and watch her, and crawl after anything she dropped and restore it to her. Was this such a small service? No; for it saved the poor woman the trouble of getting up and deranging her work to chase rolling balls of yarn around the room. Or was it a small pleasure to the lonely old maid to see the child smile lovingly up in her face as he tendered her these baby services? I think not. Hannah grew to love little Ishmael. Who, indeed, could have received all his innocent overtures of affection and not loved him a little in return? Not honest Hannah Worth. It was thus, you see, by his own artless efforts that he won his grim aunt's heart. This was our boy's first success. And the truth may as well be told of him now, that in the whole course of his eventual life he gained no earthly good which he did not earn by his own merits. But I must hurry over this part of my story.

When Ishmael was about four years old, he began to take pleasure in the quaint pictures of the old family Bible, that I have already mentioned as the only book and sole literary possession of Hannah Worth. A rare old copy it was, bearing the date of London, 1720, and containing the strangest of all old old-fashioned engravings. But to the keenly appreciating mind of the child these pictures were a gallery of art. And on Sunday afternoons, when Hannah had leisure to exhibit them, Ishmael never wearied of standing by her side, and gazing at the illustrations of "Cain and Abel," "Joseph sold by his Brethren," "Moses in the Bullrushes," "Samuel called by the Lord," "John the Baptist and the Infant Jesus," "Christ and the Doctors in the Temple," and so forth.

"Read me about it," he would say of each picture.

And Hannah would have to read these beautiful Bible stories. One day, when he was about five years old, he astonished his aunt by saying:

"And now I want to read about them for myself!"

But Hannah found no leisure to teach him. And besides she thought it would be time enough some years to come for Ishmael to learn to read. So thought not our boy, however, as a few days proved.

One night Hannah had taken home a dress to one of the plantation negroes, who were now her only customers, and it was late when she returned to the hut. When she opened the door a strange sight met her eyes. The Professor of Odd Jobs occupied the seat of honor in the arm chair in the chimney corner. On his knees lay the open Bible; while by his side stood little Ishmael, holding an end of candle in his hand, and diligently conning the large letters on the title page. The little fellow looked up with his face full of triumph, exclaiming:

"Oh, aunty, I know all the letters on this page now! And the Professor is going to teach me to read! And I am going to help him to gather his herbs and roots every day to pay him for his trouble!"

The professor looked up and smiled, apologetically, saying:

"I just happened in, Miss Hannah, to see if there was anything wanting to be done, and I found this boy laying on the floor with the bible open before him trying to puzzle out the letters for himself. And as soon as he saw me he up and struck a bargain with me to teach him to read. And I'll tell you what, Miss Hannah, he's going to make a man one of these days! You know I've been a colored schoolmaster, among my other professions, and I tell you I never came across such a quick little fellow as he is, bless his big head! There now, my little man, that's learning enough for one sitting. And besides the candle is going out," concluded the professor, as he arose and closed the book and departed.

But again Ishmael held a different opinion from his elders; and lying down before the firelit hearth, with the book open before him, he went over and over his lesson, grafting it firmly in his memory lest it should escape him. In this way our boy took his first step in knowledge. Two or three times in the course of the week the professor would come to give him another lesson. And Ishmael paid for his tuition by doing the least of the little odd jobs for the professor of that useful art.

"You see I can feel for the boy like a father, Miss Hannah," said the professor, after giving his lesson one evening; "because, you know, I am in a manner self-educated myself. I had to pick up my reading, writing and 'rithmetick any way I could from the white children. So I can feel for this boy as I once felt for myself. All my children are girls; but if I had a son I couldn't feel more pride in him than I do in this boy. And I tell you again he is going to make a man one of these days."

Ishmael thought so too. He had previsions of future success, as every very intelligent lad must have; but at present his ambition took no very lofty flights. The greatest man of his acquaintance was the professor of odd jobs. And to attain the glorious eminence occupied by the learned and eloquent dignitary was the highest aspiration of our boy's early genius.

"Aunty," he said one day, after remaining in deep thought for a long time—"do you think if I was to study very hard indeed, night and day, for years and years, I should ever be able to get as much knowledge and make as fine speeches as the professor?"

"How do I know, Ishmael? You ask such stupid questions. All I can say is, if it aint in you it will never come out of you," answered the unappreciating aunt.

"Oh, if that's all, it *is* in me; there's a deal more in me than I can talk about; and so I believe I *shall* be able to make fine speeches like the professor some day."

Morris certainly took great pains with his pupil; and Ishmael repaid the zeal of his teacher by the utmost devotion to his service.

By the time our boy had attained his seventh year, he could read fluently, write legibly and work the first four rules in arithmetic. Besides this, he had glided into a sort of apprenticeship to the odd job line of business, and was very useful to his principal. The manner in which he helped his master was something like this:—if the odd job on hand happened to be in the tinkering line, Ishmael could heat the irons and prepare the solder; if it were in the carpentering and joining branch, he could melt the glue: if in the brick laying, he could mix the mortar; if in the painting and glazing, he could roll the putty.

When he was eight years old, he commenced the study of grammar, geography and history, from old books lent him by his patron; and he also took a higher degree in his art and began to assist his master by doing the duties of clerk and making the responses, whenever the professor assumed the office of parson and conducted the church services to a barn full of colored brethren; by performing the part of mourner whenever the professor undertook to superintend a funeral; and by playing the tambourine in accompaniment to the professor's violin whenever the latter became master of ceremonies for a colored ball!

In this manner he not only paid for his own tuition, but earned a very small stipend, which it was his pride to carry to Hannah, promising her that some day soon he should be able to earn money enough to support her in comfort.

Thus our boy was rapidy progressing in the art of odd jobs and bidding fair to emulate the fame and usefulness of the eminent professor himself, when an event ocurred in the neighborhood that was destined to change the direction of his genius.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE MERES' TRIFLE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A brief passage at arms—half in sport, half in earnest—then the young husband went away to his office, forgetful of the parting kiss. The heightened color of Mrs. Orton's face gradually toned down, until the usual warmth was lost.

"I'm sorry to see this," said Aunt Jane, speaking frankly. She was on a visit to her niece. Both look and voice were serious.

"To see what, aunty?" A flush of surprise lit up the countenance of Mrs. Orton, that had been faintly shadowed a moment before.

"Little disagreements between you and your husband—petty dispute—fault-findings—cavillings over unimportant things."

"Why, aunty!" The color came back to Mrs. Orton's face.

"Yesterday morning I noticed that Henry kissed you before he went away. That little tenderness was omitted this morning. Why?"

The niece did not answer.

"Words are things, my dear," resumed Aunt Jane, "and if there is any hardness in them, they hurt. Love doesn't try to hurt, unless in defence of its object—no, not even in sport."

"Why, aunty! You are making a great deal out of nothing," said Mrs. Orton, almost inclined to be offended. "We often talk so to each other, but don't mean anything. It's our way."

"I'm sorry that you have fallen into so bad a way, Helen. The error is a serious one, and may lead to the most unhappy consequences. You lost love's tender sign this morning just because of this way; and I think if you look down into your consciousness, you will find some unpleasant things there, which, but for this way, could not have existed. Henry made one or two rather sharp accusations, at which I saw your cheeks redden and your eyes flash."

"All fancy, Aunt Jane."

"No. When he said that self-will made you blind, either his accusation or his manner touched the quick of your feelings; and the keenness of voice with which you answered—'all men are tyrants at heart, and have a name for whatever opposes them; in my case it is self-will'—showed that you meant to hurt him in return. And you did hurt him. In consequence you lost a kiss."

"That's a trifle!" said Mrs. Orton, with forced indifference.

"Your heart and tongue do not accord in this declaration, Helen. No, it is not a trifle—it is a serious thing—it is the beginning of alienation."

The ear of Helen detected a disturbed thrill in the tones of Aunt Jane's voice, which seemed rather a response to some memory than the effect of any present cause. She did not reply. It seemed as if a shadow were creeping into the room. Aunt Jane, on closing the last sentence, had dropped her eyes; and she was losing herself in thought—not pleasant thought, as could be seen.

"Don't think anything more about it, aunty," said Mrs. Orton, with affected cheerfulness. "It isn't just right, I'll acknowledge. A bad habit, of which we must break ourselves. But we are only children yet, you know and children are willful sometimes."

"No, dear; not children, but of rational age. The substance of your mind is hard enough to take enduring impressions, and I warn you, solemnly, to take care what kind of impressions are suffered to be made."

"Oh, why will you be so serious, aunty! It's the most trifling thing in the world. Henry and I understand each other perfectly The fact is, we enjoy these little tête-a-têtes, now and then. They make a pleasant variety. We must have things spicy and pungent occasionally, or we would lose our taste for common good."

"So I thought once; but——" Aunt Jane checked herself. A little while afterward she looked up at her niece and said:

"Helen, did you never hear, from your mother, about my early life?"

"Mother has never spoken of it," replied Mrs. Orton.

"She was always considerate—always prudent—a wiser and better woman than your aunt, Helen; and, more than that, happier. The currents of her life have run smoothly, and why?—chiefly, because she was not, like too many others, all the while casting obstructions therein. You resemble me in more things than you resemble your mother. I wish it were not so. Next to my good wish must come my good deed. I will tell you of my early life—I will unveil the skeleton in my house, that you may see it and take warning."

"At twenty I was married—a light-hearted, self-willed, thoughtless girl, in almost every thing unfitted for the position of a wife. My husband was older by six years, but not superior in mental discipline. An only son, he had been indulged—mother and sisters yielding to him for so long a time that he had come to expect others to give way when he asserted his will. Apart from this, he was affectionate, kind, honorable and intelligent; possessing rare intellectual powers, and considerable force of character. He was worthy of a woman's love—he had my love. Ah, if I had been wise in my love, what sorrows might have been escaped! But I was not wise—no wiser than you are, Helen. Very soon after our marriage, as trifling differences of opinion arose, we commenced to wrangle in a half earnest way, and in doing so often hurt each other. The faults and peculiarities mutually observed were mutually declared. I was often seriously hurt, or annoyed, by what my husband said in these frequent contests; and he as frequently showed anger or pain. We were not always careful in our speech to each other before people; but oftener, then, took occasion to say the hardest things. The way in which you spoke to Henry this morning startled me—it was so like what I had done to my cost many sorrowful years ago.

"We had been married just one year. The period had not been the happiest of my life. I was disappointed in my husband. His conduct toward me was far from being what I had anticipated. He was not tender, and conciliating, and forbearing as in the beginning. He lost temper with me easily; and when I found fault with him, as was too often the case, rarely failed to answer sharply. There was danger in my path, but I did not see it. Blindly I moved to my fate, and there was no one to warn me as I am now warning you. If I had been gentle and conciliatory—if I had ruled my own spirit—denied myself the indulgence of self-will, and unwomanly fretfulness toward my husband when his conduct did not suit my temper, this desolation of my life would have been avoided.

"One morning we sat down together at the breakfast table. We had been to a large party on the previous night. My nerves were a little unstrung—the effect of late hours and a late supper; but I did not feel particularly out of humor. The party was referred to, and my husband, speaking of a lady who was present, said that she was the best dressed woman there. 'Not very complimentary to your taste,' I answered. I suppose that my look and tone were both contemptuous; for I was not guarded toward my husband. I saw his eyes flash and the color deepen on his face. A keen retort fluttered on his lips, but did not fly off against me. This was unusual; for he was generally quick to lift the guage of battle when I threw it down. I felt that under this repression there was strongly excited feeling. Instead of being warned, I was piqued at his silence. It stood as a sort of defiance. 'She was the worst dressed woman in the company,' said I, sharply. 'She was a lady in her behavior to her husband,' was the answer I received, in a tone that left me in no doubt touching the application of his words.

"Dear Helen! if, in that moment, I had lost the gift of speech, it had been well; for I did not know the art of using it aright. I became very angry. 'Her husband is a gen——' But, I caught the word ere it dropped into full expression. It might almost as well have been uttered. 'There are some things that I will not take from man or woman,' came slowly from his lips. I noticed that his face had grown pale. 'Guard your own lips, if you expect others to be specially guarded,' was my cold retort. There was silence for a little while. My husband laid down his knife and fork, and sat in a strange brooding way for almost a minute. 'Some people are free enough to give, but they can't take,' said I, breaking this silence. He looked up at me with a new expression in his eyes that gave me a chill; but I did not restrain myself. 'I'm about tired of this way of living.' This sentence I threw at him, almost roughly. 'And so am I,' he answered, rising from the table. It doesn't suit me, and never has suited me. I can't say a word, but I'm taken up; I can't advance an opinion, but it is controverted. It's wrangle, wrangle, all the while! Love may lie at the bottom of it all, but it's another kind of love from what I bargained for.' 'I'm sorry,' said I, hurt and offended by language that sent a conviction of unwifely conduct to my heart, 'that you've been so disappointed. I, too, bargained for something very different from what I have obtained.' There was hardness in my voice, and accusation in my eyes.

"The look he then gave me, I shall never forget. It was not an angry look; but full of rebuke, of regret and of pain. He turned and went away, taking up his hat and leaving the house without once glancing back to where I stood in the dining room door, gazing after him as he moved down the hall. Repentance came quickly when I found myself alone. What a poor, insignificant thing had risen up into a mountain barrier between us! The lady about whose style of dress we had wrangled was nothing to either of us. If my husband admired her evening toilette, why should I object? Tastes differ. It was certainly his right to say what he thought in so unimportant a matter. I grew angry with myself as I looked more soberly at my conduct. I saw that I had been weak, petty, unamiable. I cried for an hour, and in my grief and repentance, resolved to confess my error, and entirely reform my conduct towards my husband.

"I was not easy in mind all day. An unusual weight rested on my feelings. I seemed to be in the shadow of an approaching trouble. At the hour when I expected my husband's return, I sat waiting for him, still in the better state my repentence had wrought. Love had unfolded all her sweetest flowers, and I would delight him with their odors. But I waited for him in vain. He did not come. He never came back!"

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" exclaimed Helen, grasping the old lady's arm. The shock of this declaration had driven the color from her face. After a few moments, the aunt resumed:

"Days, weeks, months passed. But no word nor sign came from him. After leaving home, he went to the store where he was employed as a clerk, and asked for the amount of salary that was due him. Taking this, he went away; and beyond there was no trace of him. I will not attempt a description of what I suffered. Reason was nearly lost. Others blamed him, but I did not; for after it was too late to profit by clearness of vision, I saw the hereditary and acquired peculiarities of his character, which were as a second nature, and in regard to which I had concealed nothing; but, instead, chafed and pricked him in the tenderest places. The foundations of his character were good, and I might have built upon them a temple of happiness wherein to dwell secure amid the fiercest storms of life. But I failed to build, and so have been out in the storms for these many years.

"For two years I lived in suspense. No word came, in all that time, from my absent husband. One day a letter arrived from a city far in the West. The address was in a woman's hand. The writer was a stranger. She said that a man was lying sick in her father's house. He had come over with a party across the plains from the Pacific coast. She thought him very ill, and that he might not recover. They had asked him about his friends, and if there was any one to whom he would like word sent. At first, he said there was no one; but afterwards, as he grew worse, said she might write to me these words: 'May God pardon us both, Jane. We were equally at fault. There is no anger left in my heart. It died out long and long ago. Forgive me, as I forgive you.'

"In less than a week I was in that far off western city—not too late, thank God! to find my long lost husband alive; to take his dying head upon my breast; to warm his lips with burning kisses; to see love in his eyes ere the vail of night dropped over them."

For a little while the old floods of feeling swept across the heart of Aunt Jane.

"I have uncovered my life for you, Helen," she said, on growing calm again. "You have seen the skeleton in my house. Be warned by the sad experiences I have known. Keep love's lamp ever trimmed and brightly burning. Let all these little wranglings cease. They mar the present enjoyment, and graveley threaten the future. Trifles light as air may give occasion for disagreements of the saddest character. The cloud no bigger than a man's hand may quickly cover the sky, and breed a desolating tempest.

As the day drew to a close Mrs. Orton felt a shadow of apprehension creeping over her. What if her husband, offended by the sharp things she had uttered at breakfast-time, should have determined to go away. More than once, in a half-serious manner, he had threatened to do this very thing; and she had answered, secure in her confidence—"Go!"

Prompt to the usual hour, his step was in the hall; and swifter than ever she had gone down the stairs did Helen fly to meet him. The young husband noted, as a pleasant thing, this overflow of love, but never knew the cause.

As it takes two to wrangle, all petty strife ceased at once between Helen and her husband. If he was captious, or said sharp words, or criticized her acts or speech, she answered pleasantly, and he was disarmed. No long time passed before they were as tender of each other's feelings, and as considerate in their conduct as during love's golden morning hours. And why should not this always be so? Love has better signs than sharp words, fault-findings, and unamiable banter.

WARP AND WEFT;

OR,

THE COTTON FAMINE.

A TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "DICK TARLETON," "THE STEP MOTHER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Chequered shade, chequered shade,
'Tis of such this life is made;
From the cradle to the tomb,
Not all gladness, not all gloom.
Many a bright thread winding through
Tissues of a sombre hue;
Many a dark thread woven in
Where the golden ones begin.
OLD PLAY.

We are told that hate is stronger and more persevering than love. We believe it. An insane desire of avenging some real or supposed injury has not unfrequently been the occupation of a life; the best and noblest feelings have been sacrificed to it. That gifted writer, Joanna Baillie, whose powers of analyzing the passions have rarely been surpassed, perceived this sad truth, and illustrated it in the most terrible of her dramas. Byron both felt and acknowledged it. Schiller, in his wild and wondrous "Robbers," which once moved the heart of Germany, depicted it in his darkest colors. Another definition might be given to humanity, and man described as an animal that hates.

The shock occasioned by the death of his only brother proved far less severe to Michael Haman than the disappointment caused by the blindness of poor Willie. The first but slightly touched his feelings; the last deranged his plans, deprived him of the instrument whose energies he relied upon to work out his finely-spun schemes against John Bentley, whom he hated, if possible, more intensely than ever.

For several months the old man found himself forced to remain inactive, but his inactivity resembled the torpor of the serpent. He was gathering venom whilst he slept.

The excitement caused by the first trial, and the events which followed, had nearly died away, when it was rumored upon the exchange at Manchester that a bill had been filed in Chancery calling upon John Bentley to give an account of all moneys received by him either as agent or patentee of the carding machine.

His persevering enemy disputed the validity of Tom Bartlett's transfer of the patent to him.

"You will not succeed," said Sergeant Blague, at the last consultation with his client.

"I am aware of it," was the reply.

"Then why make the attempt? The first trial sufficiently ruined his reputation.

"The second," continued Michael Haman, calmly, "shall force him *to ruin it himself*."

"The scheme is a singular one, certainly," observed the learned gentleman.

"Set his own signature and seal to the act of infamy."

"The proceedings will be costly."

"And the result," said the client, "worth the expense."

To such an observation it is not to be supposed that any legal mind would suggest the slightest objection. It would be too much to expect from poor human nature, and the bill was proceeded with.

John Bentley found himself in the position of a scorpion that had fallen into the hands of an enthusiastic naturalist. Michael Haman was that naturalist. He held him tightly in his iron forceps; and, using the scalpel with a skilful but pitiless hand, prepared to dissect him living—to bare to public scorn, not only the poison of the reptile, but the sting—the [illegible] which secreted the venom—the muscles which moved the dart that injected it.

Three days after the filing of the bill, John Bentley accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and retired from parliament. His career as a public man was closed.

"Are you satisfied?" demanded Sergeant Blague of his client, when he informed him of the news.

"It is something, but not enough," replied the money-lender. "I must have more."

"His death?"

"His death!" repeated the old man sarcastically. "What possible good could his death be to me? I should have nothing left me to live for were my enemy in the grave. It is the living heart and sensitive brain that I require to wound and probe. His death! No, no. I am not so merciful as that."

His legal adviser regarded him earnestly.

"You look surprised," added Michael Haman.

"Well, I am rather surprised."

"At the existence of such feelings?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"Ah, I thought you knew the world."

"Surprised at the avowal of them," said the sergeant, "even to me; yet the confidence between advocate and client resembles that which is said to exist between the penitent and his confessor."

Although the answer to the bill was filed in the usual way, and personal appearance of the defendant unnecessary, John Bentley could not keep from Lincoln's Inn on the day of hearing. Like some restless ghost, he wandered in the purlieus of the court, tormenting himself with a thousand bitter fancies.

"In an hour—less—a few minutes, perhaps," he murmured, "my name will be delivered to the scorn and loathing of the rabble, ever ready to listen with greedy ears to the failings of their fellow-man. The public appetite feeds on corruption, as worms on carcasses. Hundreds have sinned more deeply than I have done. Why, why," he repeated, impatiently, "should the bolt fall so pitilessly on me?"

At that instant, as if in answer to his question, the friend he had so cruelly betrayed entered the archway from the Chancery Lane side. He was making his way towards the court, led by his young and pretty wife, the solace of his blighted existence. Blind John accompanied them. The poor, faithful musician walked a step or two behind, guiding himself by placing one hand on the shoulder of Willie. Both had been sent for to London by the lawyers, in case their affidavits should be wanted.

"The last time," observed Willie, with a sigh, "I entered this place, the world was light and happiness to me; now it is dark and cheerless."

"Not quite," whispered his wife.

"True, you are left me."

"It be a sad trial, lad," observed old John; "but God watches over the blind: leastways," he added, "his angels do; and that be the same thing."

Willie silently pressed the arm of his fair guide.

"I wonder what the judges will do wi' John Bentley this time?" continued the speaker. "Hang the rascal, I hope!"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the man he had most injured.

The sordid hypocrite, who stood listening to this conversation, felt a pang shoot suddenly through his heart at the generous reply.

"Tha'rt too good, lad—too good."

"Not half good enough, you mean," replied Willie. "Hard as my fate is, I would not exchange my poor but honest name for the infamy that has covered his. He must feel it, and that is his worst punishment."

"Not half enough!" exclaimed Blind John. "Not half enough. Feel it! not he. I tell 'ee, lad, there be no shame in him, nor pity, else he would never ha' had the heart to——"

"You are wrong," interrupted the young man, hastily; "I tell you you are wrong."

"Well, I don't think it."

"John Bentley, whatever sins he may have to answer for, had nothing to do with the brutal act which deprived me of sight."

"How can thah tell?"

"Because I know him."

"He be bad enough for anything," replied the musician, doggedly.

"But not for that," exclaimed Willie, greatly excited—"not for that."

His wife touched the arm of the old man—a signal that he should drop the subject; she feared the effect upon her husband.

"Well, well," he muttered, "may be I judge him badly."

John Bentley could endure no more. To hear the man he had so foully wronged defend him was more bitter than any reproach. As he and the wife of Willie were strangers to each other, he mustered up resolution, and hastily passed them.

"Who be that?" exclaimed Blind John.

"A gentleman who has just passed us," answered Mrs. Hannan.

"Tall, and dark hair?"

"Yes."

"I thought I know'd his step," said the musician.

"Whose step?" demanded the astonished wife.

"John Bentley's."

"Heaven forgive him!" sighed Willie, greatly agitated. "Lead me into the court."

"Forgive him!" muttered John, who felt the misfortune of his friend more bitterly than his own. "Hang the rascal! hang him! I only wish I wor judge, that be all. Thah'd see, lad; thah'd see what I'd do."

As Sergeant Blague predicted, and his client expected, the bill in Chancery proved a failure. Still, the purpose for which it had been filed was answered, and John Bentley forced to exhibit himself in his true character. Vainly did he writhe and struggle to avoid the exposure. The truth—the galling truth—was wrung from his own lips, and he stood before the world a self-confessed, heartless, unprincipled scoundrel.

"This time," said the learned counsellor, addressing Michael Haman, "I trust you are satisfied. The defendant must have suffered a martyrdom; he has been forced to drain the cup of infamy drop by drop."

The old man shook his head.

"I tell you," continued the speaker, "that it is a mere waste of energy to pursue him further. The dregs of shame alone are left."

"You forget that he is rich," was the reply.

"A poor consolation to a man like John Bentley," said the sergeant. "With his energies and talents, he might have achieved a high position, and most probably would have done so, had not your perseverance in unmasking him rendered them useless."

"He is rich," repeated Michael.

"Dr. Johnson would have admired you exceedingly, Mr. Haman," observed the man of law, eyeing him curiously.

"Why so?"

"He liked a good hater."

"I am very patient," said the old man, calmly; "and patience is strength. I can wait."

Michael Haman did wait. We shall see, perhaps, with what effect.

To a proud, ambitious man, to a man who had once proclaimed dishonesty to be a mistake—he had much better have called it a crime—the sudden annihilation of character must ever prove a bitter pang; and John Bentley felt it keenly. Master of a princely fortune, he could scarcely believe that the situation in which he found himself was real; he required time to familiarize himself with the hard, stern fact, that every career in which honor crowns success was closed to him; and, in the anguish of his mind, he cursed the facility that had tempted him.

"Fatality!" he murmured; "fatality!"

In our opinion, there is no such thing as fatality. It is owing to ourselves that we are thus or thus. True, there are many paths before us; but we are the free arbiters of our own choice.

The first burst of passionate rage was succeeded by that cold calm which disconnects reason from feeling, and renders the brain a mere calculating machine. Men who yield to it are rarely capable either of lasting regret for past errors or any very strong resolution of avoiding new ones. It makes them a little more prudent, perhaps, and that is all. To return to Manchester with the second brand of shame fresh upon his brow was quite out of the question; his pride revolted at the thought. His home, and the wife who had enriched him, had alike become indifferent to him. After several days' reflection, he sent for the foreman of the mill—a shrewd, hard-headed man—and entered into an arrangement for him to conduct the business.

But for his sons, he would have parted with it.

"So ends my dream of wedded happiness," said Mrs. Bentley, handing the letter, in which her husband announced his resolution, to her aunt. "He never loved me."

This time her aunt did not contradict her.

"Do you intend to put up with such treatment?" she demanded.

"What can I do?"

"Do!" repeated the spinster; "follow him to London. Your place is with your husband."

"But he wishes me to remain here; and I am powerless."

"I have no patience, Mary," exclaimed her relative. "You want spirit. It can't be—at least, I am sure it ought not to be—that you are so entirely at the mercy of this man. If your poor father only could have foreseen——"

"Do not speak of my dear father," interrupted her niece, bursting into a passionate flood of tears. "It was the suddenness of his death that left me helpless.

"He never loved me," she added, wildly: "never—never!"

In the bitterness of her anguish, the unhappy wife clasped her youngest boy, Frederick, to her breast. Like herself, he, too, appeared disinherited of his father's love. No wonder that he was so dear to her.

Miss Westbury consulted privately one of the most eminent solicitors in Manchester, a gentleman who for many years had been entrusted with the legal affairs of her late brother-in-law.

"Another instance," he said, "of the folly of not making a will. I frequently urged Mr. Haman to do so. He promised repeatedly, but always put it off."

"Can nothing be done?" demanded the lady.

"Nothing," replied the lawyer. "John Bentley is the absolute master of his wife's fortune. Such is the law."

"It is a very wicked law," exclaimed his visitor, angrily.

"So the advocates of the rights of women urge, and have been urging for the last twenty years in vain."

"I know nothing of the rights of women," observed Miss Westbury; "in fact, I rather dislike the phrase; it sounds unfeminine to my ears. But I understand the rights of Nature; and it certainly does appear monstrous that the daughter of the wealthiest man in Manchester should be utterly dependent on the caprices of the husband she enriched."

"Caprices!" repeated the solicitor. "No, no; he must support her."

"It has not come to that."

"According to his means."

"But he may live apart from her?"

"Yes."

"And squander her money as he pleases?"

"Without doubt."

"Then let me tell you," said his visitor, looking him earnestly in the face, "that your laws are very wicked laws. It is quite clear that our sex have nothing to do in framing them. I wish they had."

"They might be better," observed the gentleman, with a smile.

Miss Westbury hastened home, her affectionate heart swelling with indignation and disappointment at the result of her visit. Fortunately, she has not named her intention to her niece.

In the eyes of the law, Mrs. Bentley had nothing to complain of. Her husband had not formally separated from her. She had the care of her children. The house was maintained on the same footing as when her father lived. She had both carriage and servants at her disposal. The household bills were presented regularly on the first of every month at the counting-house, and discharged unquestioned. It was the heart that suffered. It was in her pride and self-respect as a woman, in her affection as a wife, that she was wronged.

But for her children, she must have sunk beneath the blow. Maternal love sustained her in her trials; and as she pressed them to her aching heart, she felt that she had still something to live for.

Two years elapsed before John Bentley returned to Manchester. With all his self-possession, he experienced something very like embarrassment on meeting the woman he had so heartlessly wronged. He expected to encounter tears and reproaches; to his surprise, he met neither. His wife appeared calm—freezingly calm. Pride sustained her in his presence.

Say what we will, pride is an excellent quality in a woman, and doubly so when allied with virtue. It is a shield against the weakness of her heart; a citadel into which wounded affection can retreat, and bleed to death in silence.

Petty griefs are eloquent, great sorrows mute.

John Bentley remained but a few days in the home he had rendered desolate. It had become a reproach to him; his heart was elsewhere, and he felt impatient to return to London.

His wife bore the parting with the same outward show of calmness with which she had received him. She asked no questions, made no remonstrances; her tears were shed in the solitude of her own chamber. Years elapsed before she saw him again, when he came to remove his eldest son, Gilbert, to Eton.

Both Miss Westbury and her niece felt grateful that it was not the younger, Frederick, whose affectionate disposition and gentle manners had so endeared him to them that it would have been agony to part with him. So strong was their predilection, that his grand aunt and mother sometimes regarded their preference for him as a sin. Gilbert, in character, as well as person, resembled his father; he had the same dark eyes and curling hair, the proud look and impatient temper. Frederick, on the contrary, was the image of Mrs. Bentley, and possessed much of her patient sweetness of disposition, tempered with the vivacity of youth.

"I am so glad," whispered the little fellow, as he kissed his mother and bade her good night, "that Gilbert is to go with papa."

"Hush! hush! you ought to love your brother."

"And so I do."

"Dear boy!"

"As much as he will let me," added the little fellow. "But he is cross sometimes, and rarely willing to play with me. I don't think Gilbert loves me very much; neither does my papa."

Miss Westbury and her niece exchanged glances.

"You must not think so," said the old maid. "It is wicked, Fred."

"Can I be wicked without wishing to be wicked?" demanded the child, looking up in her face with innocent simplicity.

"I hope not," was the reply.

"Then I don't think I am very wicked," continued the boy; "for I am sure I wish to believe that papa loves me. I try to believe it, but I can't. He kissed Gilbert twice, and only shook hands with me. Perhaps I had done something wrong, and that was the reason."

"Perhaps," repeated his mother, with a sigh.

Years rolled on, and still the unnatural estrangement continued. Every second year Gilbert paid a visit of a few brief days to his mother and brother, whose hearts he wrung by his coldness and indifference, the airs he gave himself, and the contempt with which he spoke of trade.

"You forget your father owes his fortune to it," observed Miss Westbury.

"True, and he is ashamed of it," answered the proud boy.

"That your brother is in the mill."

"Quite good enough for Fred. He has no ambition. I have. I hope when I am in the army I shall never be quartered in Manchester."

"Why so?" exclaimed his brother, greatly astonished at the observation.

"Well, it's not very agreeable to cut one's relations," replied the youth, with a laugh. "Of course, you could not expect me to associate with you."

"Unless you desired it," said Frederick, spiritedly, "certainly not. Neither should I wish it," he added, proudly.

The tears of Mrs. Bentley put an end to the conversation. One son, at least, perceived and grieved for the pain it caused her.

"His father's character; his father's character," repeated Miss Westbury, when seated alone in her dressing-room with her niece. "I can feel for your disappointment, Mary."

"You would not, if you knew all," was the reply.

Her relative looked surprised.

"His want of affection justifies me to myself in preferring his brother," said Mrs. Bentley. "For years I struggled against the feeling—prayed against it as if it were sinful; but it has proved too strong for religion or reason. At times I regarded the trials I have endured as the well-merited punishment of my unnatural partiality for my youngest son. If I err, aunt, you share my weakness."

"That is a very different thing."

"Yes; of course it is."

"I am not his mother," observed the old maid, gravely.

"I sometimes feel as if I were not," said Mrs. Bentley, musingly; "and yet he is my first-born. Our first impulses are generally right," she added. "I ought not to have yielded when my dear father, Dr. Bellew, and yourself persuaded me to leave England without him. Something whispered me it was wrong; but I could not make others think so."

A few days after the above conversation the two brothers, who were now fast approaching manhood, were walking towards the Exchange, when the attention of the elder was attracted by a tall, thin old man, dressed in black, who stood at one of the windows regarding them.

"Who is that old fool?" demanded Gilbert.

"Hush!" said Frederick. "For shame!"

"Do you know him?"

"No; that is, only by name. This way! the window is open. He can hear every word you speak."

"Let him, for aught I care," was the reply.

"It is Michael Haman, our mother's uncle," continued Frederick, as soon as he thought they were out of hearing.

"In trade, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Another horrible connection!" exclaimed the young Etonian, affectedly. "It will require a century at least to get the stain out of the blood."

"If you consider it one," said the youngest.

"If!" repeated Gilbert. "Of course I do. Is he rich?"

"Worth millions, they say. But I do not envy him his wealth."

"I do," replied his brother. "Isn't it terrible to think that for years—twenty, perhaps—I must depend upon my father for means, whilst that withered anatomy, that caricature of humanity, possesses all the means of enjoyment?"

"You forget that he has earned them."

"One comfort," added Gilbert—"he can't enjoy them."

"Shame!" exclaimed Frederick. "Shame! if such words come from your heart."

"Where else do you suppose they come from?" demanded his brother, ironically. "But I can understand your tactics. You are currying favor with him."

"No, I am not."

"Oh! I don't blame you."

"Why, I have never spoken with him in my life."

"Indeed."

The sneering tone in which the eldest of the speakers pronounced the word "indeed!" conveyed his disbelief of the assertion.

"Indeed!" repeated Frederick; "although I have frequently felt inclined; but the fear of being misunderstood has hitherto prevented me."

"Misunderstood?"

"Yes. Our father and he are enemies."

"The old rascal!" exclaimed Gilbert.

"Hush!" said his brother. "We are not his judges. He seems very unhappy. I have sometimes watched him for an hour together in the Exchange, and never yet saw him smile. For my part, I pity him. Neither Miss Westbury nor our dear mother would ever explain to me the cause of his estrangement from our family."

"Shall I explain it?" said a low, clear voice behind them.

The young men turned suddenly round, and stood face to face with Michael Haman. The old man had followed and overheard every word that had passed between them.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I clip high climbing thoughts,
The ways of swelling pride;
Their fall is worse than from the height
Of greatest honor slide.

Since sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear,
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear.
SOUTHWELL.

"Shall I explain it?" repeated Michael Haman, regarding the young men earnestly

"Just as you like," replied Gilbert. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me. If the story is not too long, and there is anything queer in it, I think I should rather like to hear it."

"I should not," said his brother, speaking in a decided tone.

The old man smiled bitterly

"And why not?" he asked.

"Because, in all probability, you cannot justify your estrangement from your family without, in some way, blaming my father: whether rightly or wrongly, it is not for a son to judge. You have been a parent yourself, Mr. Haman, and can understand my scruples."

"True," said the ex-money scrivener, "I have been a father, and—but, no, no," he repeated energetically, muttering the word several times to himself, "I will not be tempted. Young man, you have spoken wisely—spoken as my own child would have done had any one blamed my conduct; I respect you for it."

"Make your best bow, Fred," whispered Gilbert, laughingly.

"You are your father's son," exclaimed Michael Haman, eyeing him sarcastically.

"Solomon could not have come to a sounder conclusion," observed the youth.

"You have his pride, his heartlessness, his want of feeling," continued the old man. "It requires no second sight to foretell that your fall will be as great."

"Fall!"

"Perhaps greater."

"I shall at least have fortune to fall back upon," observed Gilbert.

"There is something else."

"Indeed!"

"Honor."

"My own act alone can deprive me of that."

"Honor and disgrace may both be attained," replied Michael Haman. "I rarely err, young gentleman. Something tells me that I have read your fate rightly."

"What a singular old fellow!" said the elder brother, as he turned upon his heel and walked away. "I must question my father respecting him when I return to London."

"It will be wise not to do so."

"And why?"

"Because," answered Frederick, "I fear the conduct of our father has not been entirely blameless towards him. This painful thought is frequently impressed upon me. I often hear my grandfather spoken of with respect—always with regret. Few persons ever name my father in my presence."

"The vulgar jealousy of vulgar minds."

"I hope it is nothing more."

"Or rivalry in trade."

"Our grandfather was in trade."

"But he is dead," observed Gilbert. "Don't speak of it. Trade! I hate the word."

Michael Haman remained for some time regarding the speaker. The likeness of Frederick to his daughter Alice had awakened pleasing, although sad, recollections. He liked the frankness with which he spoke—his refusal to listen to any statement respecting his father.

"A true-hearted boy!" he murmured to himself. "Pity he has John Bentley's blood in him, and bears John Bentley's name. But for that—but for that——"

The rest of his reflections were cut short by a tall, respectable-looking man, of about forty—our readers' old acquaintance, the Jew of Deansgate. Norle had risen in the world, not by fair means—the world, in fact, accused him of having employed most dishonest ones; but the fact that he had risen was indisputable. He was rich; and the wealthiest firms in Manchester were quite willing to do business with him.

For several years he had ceased to wear his beard, and either so perfected himself in English or dropped the accent he had assumed, that no one would have taken him for a German. In fact, whenever any one spoke to him in German, he invariably replied that he had forgotten it.

"Well, Mr. Haman," he said, "am I to have the sheetings?"

"At the price I named."

"Too dear—too dear!"

"Take them or leave them, Norle. I am quite indifferent."

"You are very hard to deal with."

"I do not ask you to deal with me," observed the old man, testily, for he felt annoyed at the interruption. "I never press my goods."

"The advantage of being rich."

"Yes—yes," muttered Michael; "it is an advantage."

"This time," observed Norle, "permit me to say, you are a little unreasonable. I can buy the very same quality of goods, and a much better color, at a lower figure."

"Why don't you buy them, then?"

"Because I prefer dealing with you," was the reply.

His hearer uttered a low chuckle; his invariable practice when any one attempted to overreach him.

"Shall I tell you why you prefer my coarse, unbleached sheetings to the fine ones of Burnley Mills?" he said.

Norle regarded him doubtfully.

"Because they are the only ones that will answer your purpose," continued the old man. "You want them for the Russian market, where your correspondent intends to pass them off for native manufacture. I might have taken an order for ten thousand pieces this very day, if I would have done it at your figure."

"Ah! Mr. Haman," sighed the Jew.

"Ah! Mr. Norle," repeated Michael.

"I suppose I must give you your price."

"If you have them."

"I'll take all you have in stock at the same figure," added the purchaser, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"As you please."

"But not a word about the Russian market."

As the contract was concluded, Mr. Ashton walked up to the speakers, nodded familiarly to the Jew, and shook hands with Mr. Haman.

"Do I interrupt?"

"No; the affair is settled."

Norle walked away.

"An odd fellow, that!" said Mr. Ashton, looking after him. "Can't quite make him out. Something singular about him. Deals in everything."

"Yes; he has made money."

"And not by the fairest means, if all that is said about him is true. What do you suppose," added Mr. Ashton, "was his last speculation?"

"Sheetings, perhaps."

"No."

"Cotton?"

"Guess again."

"I am no Œdipus."

"Skeletons!"

"Skeletons!" repeated Michael Haman, greatly surprised.

"You can't feel more astonished than I did," observed his informant. "I was at poor Bellew's sale. As one of the trustees for the Institution, I wished to purchase the chemical apparatus and galvanic battery."

"Did he buy them, too?"

"No; only the skeletons. Dr. B——, who wanted them for the museum, was outrageous; Norle ran them up to such a price. The fellow appeared determined to have them. Perhaps he had a commission to purchase them."

"Perhaps. Do you know whose skeletons they were?"

"Not I."

Michael Haman appeared suddenly lost in some very interesting reflection.

"Are you walking towards your counting-house?" inquired Mr. Ashton.

"No. I am going to call upon a young man whom I have not seen for many months—poor Willie Hannan."

There was something strange as well as sudden in this resolution; for, although he had not withdrawn his bounty from the unfortunate pensioner, he rarely visited him.

On arriving at the cottage in Tibb's Lane, Michael Haman found his blind *protégé* instructing his daughter, a lovely girl of fifteen, in singing. Nature had gifted Willie with a fine voice, which, since his misfortune, with the assistance of old John, he had cultivated.

"Do not let me disturb you," said the visitor; "I can wait; finish your lesson."

Ellen—she had been named after her mother—blushed and hesitated. She was not accustomed to sing before a stranger.

"It is our benefactor," whispered her father, who had recognized the voice of the speaker.

Michael Haman remained nearly an hour. With the tact beneath which he so well knew how to veil his motives, he contrived to lead Willie to speak of his early days, his first meeting with John Bentley, and their adventure with John Bentley, and their adventure with the gipsies.

"My brother certainly ought to have done something for you," he observed; "for you saved his life."

"I assisted," was the reply. "The service was not rendered by me alone."

The poor fellow, bitterly as he had been wronged, scorned to take all the merit of an act in which his false friend had borne a part.

"John Bentley had his reward," said the old man.

"And I should have received mine, had Gilbert Haman lived," replied Willie. "The last words he ever uttered were a promise to see justice done me. Alas! he little knew how soon I should require aid—how helpless would be my situation."

His daughter threw her arms round the neck of her father, and pressed her ruby lips to his poor sightless orbs.

"Had his daughter inherited his wealth, it would have been different," observed Michael, speaking in a tone of affected indifference.

"Did not Miss Mary"—Willie preferred speaking of her by that name—"come into possession of her father's fortune?" he demanded.

"No."

"Is not that strange?"

"There are strange things in this world; and unjust ones, too," replied the old man. "My brother died without a will, and her husband became the master of everything."

"Without a will, sir?"

"Yes."

"What became, then, of the one I witnessed?"

"You witnessed!" repeated Michal Haman, eagerly. "You witnessed a will signed by my late brother! When? Where? How long since?"

"About a year before John Bentley married his daughter," replied the blind man. "I remember the circumstance as well as if it were but yesterday. He called us both into the counting-house; he had brought it ready drawn from London, and signed it in our presence."

"If we could only find it!" muttered his visitor; "if we could only only find it! Have you no idea where he placed it? into whose hands he confided it?"

"Not the slightest, sir."

"Fatality!" sighed the old man; "fatality! He is to be rich, despite his heartlessness and crimes."

On his return home Michael Haman carefully noted down every word Willie had told him, not only respecting the will, but his own adventure with the gipsies.

"It may one day prove of service," he thought. "Perhaps this withered arm may strike him from the grave. The blow will fall; of that I feel assured, although I may not live to see it. I wish I had not broken off all intercourse with my niece. Her son might—— No, I dare not trust him. Where am I to find an agent?"

He reflected for some minutes. At last a faint smile broke over his pale visage as he pronounced the name of Miss Westbury.

The object now in view was difficult, and required both time and caution to carry to a successful issue.

Time rolled on without any very material event taking place. Gilbert quitted Eton, and obtained a commission in the Guards. A year afterwards he married Lady Augusta Chellsworth, the only daughter of an ancient but impoverished peer.

To induce her ladyship's father to consent to the *mesalliance*, John Bentley settled the greater part of his fortune upon his eldest son. Neither his wife nor Frederick was invited to the marriage. A formal letter to the former informed her of the arrangement.

"I trust he will be happy," said Mrs. Bentley, with a sigh.

"I don't," exclaimed her aunt. "A bad son does not deserve to be happy. What! marry without even the formality of asking your consent—you through whom his worthless father derived his fortune?"

"Hush! You forget who is present."

Her niece pointed to her second son.

"To say I do not feel the slight," observed the latter, "would be untrue; but believe me, dear mother, it is on your account more than my own."

His mother did believe him.

"Your father speaks of the sacrifices he has made to secure the happiness of Gilbert."

"Sacrifice!" repeated Miss Westbury, indignantly. "He to talk of sacrifices!"

"And urges the necessity of economy at home. I will not disappoint him," added the patient, devoted woman.

"Economy!" said Fred. "Why, the mill was never more prosperous. Your expenditure is a mere trifle compared with my father's income. I will not allude to my own," he added. "You know what that has been."

"Take no notice of his letter, Mary," said her aunt.

"I shall only anger him by silence," observed Mrs. Bentley.

"I will answer it," mother," exclaimed her son. "I am no longer a boy, but a man—in heart, I trust, as well as years. It is time that I came to some explanation with my father—not on my account, but yours."

"You are right, my dear boy—quite right," said the old maid, throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him. "I told you, Mary, God would raise us up a protector in his own good time."

"And He has done so," she added; "He has done so."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CAUGHT IN THE FACT.

A certain notable housewife had observed that her stock of pickled cockles were running remarkably low, and she spoke to the cook in consequence, who alone had access to them. The cook's character was at stake; unwilling to give warning, with such an imputation on her self-denial, not to say honesty, she nevertheless felt that all confidence between her mistress and herself was at an end. One day the jar containing the evanescent condiment being placed as usual on the dresser, while she was busily engaged in basting a joint before the fire, she happened to turn suddenly round, and beheld, to her great indignation, a favorite magpie, remarkable for his conversational powers and general intelligence, perched by its side, and dipping its beak down the open neck with every symptom of gratification. The mystery was explained—the thief detected. Grasping the ladle of scalding grease which she held in her hand, the exasperated cook dashed the whole contents over the hapless pet, accompanied by the exclamation. "*Oh, d——e, you've* been at the pickled cockles, have ye?" Poor Mag of course was dreadfully burnt; most of his feathers came off, leaving his little round pate, which had caught the principal part of the volley, entirely bare. The poor bird moped about, lost all his spirits, and never spoke for a year. At length, when he had pretty well recovered, and was beginning to chatter again, a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat, disclosed a very bald head. The magpie, who happened to be in the room, appeared evidently struck by the circumstance; his reminiscences were at once powerfully excited by the naked appearance of the gentleman's skull. Hopping upon the back of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed, in the ear of his astonished visitor, "Oh, d——e, *you've* been at the pickled cockles, have ye?"

"TOO OLD TO BE TRIFLED WITH."

Dr. M., an army surgeon, was very fond of a joke, (if not perpetrated at his own expense,) and had, moreover, a great contempt for citizen-officers, who were more renowned for their courage than their scholarship. One day, at mess, after the decanter had performed sundry perambulations of the table, Captain S., a brave and accomplished officer, and a great wag, remarked to the doctor—(who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the new officers)—"Doctor M., are you acquainted with Capt. G.?" "Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor; "he's one of the new set. But what of him?" "Nothing in particular," replied Captain S. "I have just received a letter from him, and I will wager you a dozen of old port that you cannot guess in five guesses how he spells *cat*." "Done," said the doctor, "it's a wager." "Well! commence guessing," said S. "K, a, double t." "No." "K, a, t, e." "No! try again." "C, a, t, t, e." "No! you have missed it again." "Well, then," returned the doctor, "C, a, double t." "No, that's not the way; try again—it's your last guess." "C, a, g, h, t." "No," said S., "that's not the way; you have lost the wager." "Well," said the doctor, with much petulance of manner, "how the d—l does he spell it?" "Why, he spells it C, a, t," replied S., with the utmost gravity. Amid the roar of the mess, and almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Captain S., I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner."

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Cromwell was thinking of marrying his daughter to a wealthy gentleman of Gloucestershire, when he was led to believe that one of his own chaplains, Mr. Jeremy White, a young man of pleasing manners, was secretly paying his addresses to Lady Frances, who was far from discouraging his attentions. Entering his daughter's room one day, the protector caught White on his knees, kissing the lady's hand. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "May it please your highness," replied White, with great presence of mind, pointing to one of the lady's maids who happened to be in the room, "I have long courted that young gentlewoman and cannot prevail; I was therefore praying her ladyship to intercede for me." "Why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you?" said Cromwell to the young woman. "He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." "If Mr. White intends me that honor," answered the woman, with a very low courtesy, "I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, my lass?" said Cromwell; "call Goodwin—this business shall be done before I go out of the room." Goodwin, the chaplain arrived, and White was married on the spot to the young woman.

LILIAN.

BY ALICE CARY.

In the windy wild November,
  Ere the night-fowl sung for morn,
Glowed the east with red and amber,
  Lilian being to be born—
    Lilian darling.

Radiant with heavenly splendor,
  Radiant with light she came;
And we chose the lily tender,
  And we gave it for a name
    To our darling.

All with golden-colored tresses,
  Falling round her like a veil;
All with dewy warmth of kisses
  On her cheek so sweet and pale,
    Grew the maiden.

Milk-white fingers for caressing,
  Timid eyes of trusting blue;
Heart to bless and to be blessing,
  Beating evermore so true,
    With love laden.

Dreaming, dreaming, ever dreaming,
  Both at dawn and daylight's close,
Hope within her future gleaming
  Gaily as a summer rose,
    Ripe for blooming.

Pining, pining, ever pining,
  Both at dawning and at night,
On her couch of pain reclining,
  Frail, and faded lily white—
    Death was coming.

In the windy, wild March morning,
  Ere the earliest bird had sung
For the light so slowly burning
  Through the clouds that lowly hung,
    Dim and chilly.

On her bed, but not a-dreaming,
  On her pillows white as snow,
Gone from all the love-light gleaming—
  Gone from hope's illusive glow,
    Lay our Lily.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 10.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

A PAIR OF LIONS.

I don't think that the presence of any other living thing could have been more welcome than was that of old Fitzeben. The very atmosphere about us seemed changed, and the memories of home were drawn nearer to our minds. As for the corpulent old darkey himself, he was fairly frantic with joy; and Ben Gilroy frankly confessed that there was no friend he would rather have seen than the old knot-head cook of other times. As I had expected, fun was commenced immediately. Ben Gilroy could not keep his hands off from the darkey, and the old scenes were revived.

The finding of Fitzeben had detained us almost half a day, so that we did not reach Fofoochi so soon as we had expected. On the morning of the second day I was aroused by a loud shout of laughter from Abner Jackson; and in a moment more I heard the voice of Fitzeben.

"Hi! Took care, old Ben Gilroy! By golly, ef ye don't let dis chile alone, he'll 'stonish yer!"

When I reached the ground, I found Ben bantering the darkey after his old fashion. Fitzeben was not quite so tall as Ben, and not quite so fat, and he was far more muscular. As I saw the muscles of those big black arms work up and down, I knew that Ben's chance at a scuffle would be a poor one.

"Go 'way," said Fitz., as Ben made a poke at him. "*By squash, I'll put ye down——*"

"*Down where?*" cried Ben, *with another poke.*

"Down dar!" replied Fitzeben. And as he spoke, he seized Ben by the collar and the knee, and laid him easily and gently upon the sward; and before the fallen man could rise, the darkey had taken refuge behind one of the wagons.

And the fun thus started was kept up through the day, when nothing else demanded Ben's attention. He seemed to gain flesh in hectoring his sable attendant, while Fitzeben himself also relished and enjoyed it.

At length we reached Fofoochi, a village of the Barolongs. It was situated in a pleasant valley, close by a range of rocky hills, and consisted of about two hundred conical huts, covered with mud and moss. The name of the chief was Kippoo Sariz, a dumpy, broad-shouldered fellow, about forty years of age, and as dirty as a scavenger. We asked him if there were any lions in his neighborhood, and he informed us that there were two, at least, that had done a great deal of mischief of late; and when we told him that we wanted to find them, he seemed anxious to embrace us for joy. I had no objection to his gratitude; but when he came to open his arms, as though he would make a more emphatic demonstration, I moved back out of his way.

I soon learned that the Fofoochi chieftain had reason to be grateful for our coming. Not only had the oxen of the tribe suffered from the depredations of the two lions, but two men had been killed, and two more lay at the point of death, their flesh torn by the claws of the beasts. Kippoo Sariz said that he would take twenty of his most valiant hunters, and guide us to the place where the lions would be most likely to come. He could not assure us that we should meet with them on that first night; but we should be sure to fall in with them before many days. We had eaten our dinner, and I was engaged in cleaning my rifles, when the chief came hastening towards our wagons, followed by several of his people.

"We will find the lions to-night?" he cried, as he came up to me.

I asked him how he knew.

He replied that two of his men, whom he pointed out, had just come in with certain information. They had found the carcass of an ox, which the lions had killed, and but very little of the flesh had been devoured.

Had the ox been killed recently?

Yes, it had certainly been slain during the past night, for the blood was fresh.

I had, at that time, no actual experience in lion-killing; but I had not entered upon the work without some study and preparation. I believed that I had made myself thoroughly acquainted with the nature and habits of the forest monarch, and I laid my plans with much confidence. I knew that if the lion had slain an ox on the previous night, he would be very likely to pay a visit to the place of repast on the night to come. This was almost certain. So the next thing for us to do was to go to the spot, prepared for the work, and there await the leonine presence.

As the shades of evening began to gather over the vale my preparations were all made. My double-barrelled rifle was charged with steel-pointed balls, and slung over my back, and my Wrisley rifle, with one of its best steel-armed chincapin bullets, I carried in my hands. I charged my heaviest pistols for severe work, and placed them in my belt; for the time had been when, in the hour of need, they had done me essential service. The rest of my party were equally careful in the preparation of their armament; and just as the stars began to peep forth we set out. The evening was almost as light as day; for the moon was well nigh its full, and rode high enough to cast its beams into the forest glades.

According to promise, Kippo Sariz selected twenty of his hunters, armed with bows and spears, and led us forth upon our way. The path was comparatively an easy one, and at the distance of about three miles from the village we came to the spot where lay the carcass of the ox. The situation was favorable. The carcass lay near to the margin of a spring of water, in an open, sandy space, half an acre, or more, in extent. On the opposite side from the spring, and distant some fifty yards from the dead ox, was a line of bushes, which afforded us a convenient cover. I selected the spot for our post with a view to the moonlight, so that the direction of the moon's rays should be favorable to our aim. The Barolongs were very careful to take their stations behind us; and the chief asked me as many as a dozen times if I thought I could take a sure, steady aim. I thought he trembled a little.

At about nine o'clock the calmness of the air was greatly moved by a low, murmuring sound, as though the wind were sighing through some distant forest. In a few moments the volume of tone increased, till it resembled the rush of waters through a deep cavern—a moaning, murmuring sound—gradually growing in power—swelling as though the rumbling of an earthquake were joining the rush of waters—higher and higher, deeper and deeper—the murmur increasing to a roar—and the roar growing more grand and terrific. By and by the forest was filled by the mighty sound, and the solid earth trembled beneath the wondrous vibrations.

I had never heard that sound before in the wilderness. I had heard something approaching it in the Zoological Gardens at Hyde Park; and I knew what it meant. My heart seemed to stop its beatings for the while, and my nerves were set like wires of steel.

"My soul!" uttered Harry Rusk, who kneeled next to me, "is not that grand!"

Surely it was grand.

Kippoo Sariz volunteered the information that it was the roar of a lion which we heard; and then he asked me if I was not afraid. There was something in his trembling, halting manner that disgusted me, and I made him no reply.

"Ha!—Hark!"

Harry held up his hand, and bent his ear.

It was like the pealing of thunder! A second lion had chimed in, and the reverberations of the roar were startling and fearful. For some minutes the awful music sounded to heaven, and then it slackened, and finally died away to a low, whining growl; and in a little while all was still.

How deathly, how ghostly that stillness was! I could hear the beatings of my own heart; and I could also hear the quivering of the Barolong chieftain behind me. The minutes crept on, and presently Kippoo Sariz touched me upon the shoulder.

"They are coming!" he whispered. "If your hand trembles, don't fire."

My boy Dan, who stood close by me, interpreted the words; and I told him to inform the chief that he had better be prepared for the worst.

At the far end of the opening, from the cover of the thorn-bushes, came two lions. They were not creeping; but they walked majestically erect. They had earned their supper, and were coming to enjoy it. They were both males, full grown, and came on, side by side, in perfect friendship. As they drew nearer, coming more fully into the moonlight, I could see them plainly enough. They were old fellows, with full manes, and for terrible majesty of look and bearing I had never even conceived anything to equal them.

Fortunately the wind was in our favor, for what little breeze there was found them to the leeward of us, so that they did not sent us. We had not brought our dogs, as I had thought they would be of no use to us, seeing that we had the game already tolled. When within a few yards of the dead ox the lions stopped and raised their heads, seeming to snuff as though they would assure themselves that they were not to be molested at their feast. Then they moved on again, and were soon by the carcass. At first their position was not favorable for us; but in a little while they had moved around, so that both their sides were exposed—one upon each side of the ox.

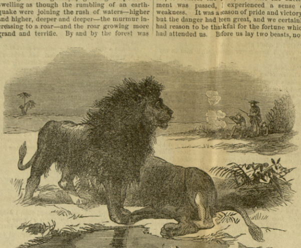
I asked Harry if he was ready. He said he was. I then asked Ben if he thought his hand would be steady. His answer was in the affirmative, as was also Abner's. Ben and I were to draw upon the lion on the right side of the ox, while Harry and Abner took the other. As we cocked our pieces the lions started and raised their heads; but went soon back to their work. In a moment more I gave the word, and our four rifles were discharged simultaneously.

I cannot tell the feelings that were pent up in my bosom at that moment; but I know that I had no feeling of fear. As quick as thought I dropped my discharged rifle, and brought the double-barrelled piece up. As the smoke rolled away there came a mighty roar crashing upon our ears, and an answering cry of alarm from the Barolongs. One of the lions was writhing in the agonies of death; but the other was erect, with his huge mane shaking, and his mouth open. He must have seen some of us, for, quickly gathering himself low upon the earth, he started toward us, measuring the distance with his eye as he came. I had but an instant for thought, for I knew that he would come with a bound directly. Our position was not favorable for a fatal shot, for the enemy was heading directly toward us, and the prospect of reaching a vital part was but very slight. Nevertheless, I selected a spot as near as possible between his shoulders and fired. Harry's shot answered mine. But the lion was not killed. He took one step further, and then, at a single bound, he reached the bushes where we lay. Kippoo Sariz cried out in terror and took to his heels, and his twenty brave hunters followed him.

If I had lost my presence of mind at this moment, that fearful charge of the forest monarch would have been fatal to some of us, for the line of his advance was directly upon Harry, who was forced to throw himself flat upon his face. I saw, as though by inspiration, what was necessary to be done; and, thanks to a sustaining Power, I had the nerve to do it. I had one more charge in my double-barreled piece, and I felt that it must save us. As the lion made the spring, and I saw where he would land, I leaped quickly upon one side, and brought the rifle to my shoulder. As he passed me I was not two yards from him, and the muzzle of my weapon almost touched him. His forward feet crushed the crisp bushes at Harry's heels, and that instant I fired, the ball entering behind the shoulder blade, and passing through his heart.

"Hold on!" I cried as Ben and Abner raised their rifles. "Don't waste those steel-pointed balls. The lion may be dead."

"Thank God, I'm alive!" ejaculated Harry, starting to his feet. "Heavens! how plainly I felt the rush of wind as the monster went over me."



We very soon satisfied ourselves that the lions were both dead, and I then went and sat down; for, to confess the truth, now that the excitement was passed, I experienced a sense of weakness. It was a season of pride and victory; but the danger had been great, and we certainly had reason to be thankful for the fortune which had attended us. Before us lay two beasts, now dead and harmless; but which, in life, could easily have overcome ten thousand unarmed men. They lay there—one upon the sand, and the other in the bushes—and it was with the utmost difficulty that six of us strong men could drag the latter out into the open space.

When we returned to the village we found Kippoo Sariz and his valiant hunters standing near our wagons, talking with Bolus and Sunam. He was much surprised when he saw us all safe and sound, and his surprise was changed to joyful wonder when he knew that both the lions were dead. He made no excuses for running away, and I asked him no questions.

The dead lions were too heavy to drag to the village; so, in the morning, we went out and took off their skins, leaving the carcasses for the vultures and hyenas.

"EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT."

One actually gasps for breath in crowded, closetless New York to read this frequent newspaper announcement. Modern times having abolished the "garret" of our forefathers with its all-embracing omnium gatherum eaves, the prospect of dire confusion is terrible if "every family" does not turn a deaf ear to these disinterested caterers for their benefit. Alas! for that old blessed garret, the standing curiosity-shop for the youngsters of a rainy or a holiday afternoon; that mausoleum of "notions" cast aside by our venerated ancestors, who undoubtedly had their little follies like their descendants. Old boxes, old tins, old baskets, old hats, old bonnets, old school-books, old bottles, did not then, as now, marshal themselves on the sidewalks, in company with coal cinders, to the disgust of every pedestrian, waiting the snail-like operations of the dirt-man, who is off duty six days out of the seven, and spills half he carries away at that, beside knocking the bottom out of every barrel when, having essayed to disembowel it, he jerks it off one wheel of his cart to the sidewalk. One needs to go to Boston or to Philadelphia occasionally to air one's nostrils and temper after it. After this, to talk of more things, each day, that "every family must have," is enough to drive one to a druggist's for speedy oblivion. What a blessing to these public and disinterested philanthropists, of "every family," are gullible housekeepers and matrons who, though cheated and bamboozled seventy times seven, are still on hand for the latest sham—"improvement." Credulous souls! How do their husbands count over to them on warning marital fingers the dismal amount thus uselessly expended. Not that *they themselves* do not, and have not, erred in the same way; but who is going to have the superhuman courage to tell these sinless beings so? But after all, far be it from me to say that there are not many things that "every family must have;" and one of these is a baby. Not that *they* too are not occasionally dumped unceremoniously and heartlessly on the sidewalk; but that don't alter the fact, that a house without a baby is no house at all. Another thing that "every family must have," is a Doctor; also a Minister. Who ever heard of a woman without these two confidential friends—what would become of her if she couldn't make a good cup of tea for the latter, and tell the other her real and imaginary aches? And if she knows anything, can't she always choose her own sanitary prescriptions, all the same, as if there were no diploma in her Doctor's pocket?

FANNY FERN.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

It is no uncommon thing to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honor to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder.

—If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLIC INQUIRER.—It is useless for you to rail at the newspapers or at the laws—the law of libel included. The latter is a necessary part of the legal code in every civilized community, irrespective of the stringency or laxity of its provisions and administration. The true and legitimate objects of the law of libel are, to secure the public peace against inflammatory and seditious publications, and to protect private character from slander; without so far hampering the discussion of men's measures and of their public characters as to injure the great interests of liberty and good government, or so far removing the salutary control of public opinion from notorious private vices, as to bestow impunity upon ostentatious immorality. These objects can never be accomplished as regards public libels unless there are certain protections thrown round those who discuss public questions and public characters and certain difficulties thrown in the way of criminal prosecutions. Nor can they be accomplished as regards private slander, unless the defence of the injured character is made so easy, safe, and effectual, that the proceeding shall not be either loaded with ruinous expense, nor shall imply a consciousness of guilt, nor shall aggravate rather than remove the mischief done. The law-makers, as well as the courts, have done their best, in this State at least, to secure all these desirable conditions, and have perhaps come as near doing so as it is possible to approximate. The illustration you invoke of the injustice which may be done to a worthy man, by the publication of some crime committed by him in years gone by, which he has atoned and the public forgotten, proves nothing except the terrible truth which wrong-doers should forever keep in mind, and which has been enunciated by inspiration, to wit, that a man's sin "shall surely find him out." This liability to being *found out* or *exposed*, is one of those *natural* penalties of sin or crime, from which human laws or human means of any kind cannot relieve an offender, no matter how sincerely may have been his repentance or exemplary his subsequent life.

HESTER.—We do not know of any work on marriage ceremonies, or any published code of etiquette at the altar, from which your young friends could learn "how to do it" in the most elegant and fashionable style. In this country, it does not make much difference what forms or ceremonies are observed at a wedding, or in fact whether there are any forms or ceremonies at all. At St. George's church, Hanover Square, London, where more fashionable marriages are said to be solemnized than in any other church in Great Britain, a uniform course of proceeding is adhered to, which is as follows: The bridal party enter the church by the side entrance, and wait in the vestry until the clergyman is ready and all is prepared. The father, or whoever is to give the bride away, then conducts her to the altar, the bridegroom follows with the bridemaids, the groomsmen being close behind; and the relatives and friends of the parties follow in the rear. The clerk (who is the clergyman's deputy) then places the bride before the altar, and the bridegroom at her right hand. The father stands behind the bride, so that he may be ready at the proper moment to place her right hand in that of the bridegroom; and when the parties have thus all taken up their proper positions, the marriage ceremony is proceeded with. All this is very simple and easily understood, as everything is apt to be which relates to the forms and ceremonies observed among those who have given their best attention to the subject with a view to making matters as smooth and agreeable as possible.

DEACON.—In its sacred or religious sense, the word *worship* means honors paid to the Supreme Being by prayer, praise, supplication, adoration, thanksgiving, or other acts or exercises of similar character. Whether or not the singing, as conducted or accomplished in your church, constitutes any part of the worship of God there, we of course cannot say; and we must decline your request to take part with you against your choir. It seems to us that you are injudicious in quarrelling with individual members of the choir, or with your clergyman, about such affairs. Your position would be much stronger if you would simply plant yourself on the great, grand, fundamental truths which underlie the whole matter, to wit, that *worship* is a matter of *intent of mind and heart*, and not of *artistic performance*, and that unless the first be right, the latter cannot be of any avail. In many cases, the musical performances in a church on the Sabbath day are not intended as a part of the *worship*, but merely as a pleasant means wherewith to cheer and please and refresh the minds and spirits of the congregation. And the sum of the whole matter is, that such things must all be regulated and controlled by common sense and spiritual illumination.

A. K.—There are various stories as to the origin of the word "humbug," one of the best authenticated of which states that it is a corruption of *Hamburgh*, and originated in the following manner, namely: During a period when war prevailed on the continent of Europe, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburgh that, at length, when any one wished to signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say, "That's from Hamburgh," or, "That's a Hamburgh;" or he would simply sneer, "Hamburgh!" which finally got corrupted into "humbug." This history of the word, though substantiated by what is considered to be good authority, may nevertheless be wholly without foundation, as it is a very difficult thing to get accurate information on such a subject.

PRIVATEER.—It is probably useless to attempt to advise a young man who is madly in love, to exercise calmness and discretion in regard to a rival—a "hated rival." But if you do not exercise calmness and discretion, you will lose the object of your affections, for your rival is evidently a man of address and resources. You should make yourself as agreeable as possible to the young lady, under all circumstances. If you become cross and morose towards her, every time you find your rival in her company, do you suppose she will ever marry you? Will she not infer that if you are so selfish and unmannerly during your courtship, that you would be tyrannical and brutal after marriage? You must change your tactics.

D. C.—Your question was answered several weeks ago; but we changed the signature, because the subject was of such a nature that some one might have been injured by public reference to it unless such a precaution had been taken. We often change the signatures to letters, and also the form and style of questions, for the same or similar reasons; and if our correspondents who fancy that *their* questions have not been answered would examine the contents of these columns carefully, they would probably find them replied to *in substance* under signatures different from those they subscribed to them.

BROADWAY.—Your best course would be to keep still about the affair. It would not be apt to help you any with the father of the young lady, should you get into a public wrangle in the courts about a matter which could not very well fail to reflect some degree of disgrace upon everybody known to have been connected with it, although in some cases (as in yours) such connection were a perfectly innocent one. The public do not discriminate in such matters, and only remember the leading facts, or the most astounding statements whether they be facts or not.

L. G.—You are mistaken in supposing that we ever recommended smiling as a *substitute* for bowing, on the part of a lady. What we said was that in recognizing a gentleman, a smile would be sufficient encouragement to him to bow and formally acknowledge a lady in public, when she may also bow in return. Ladies are sometimes timorous about recognizing gentlemen in public, and in such cases a smile or a friendly glance may be resorted to as a preliminary step in the recognition, to be followed by a bow, in return to the gentleman's salutation.

J. B. M.—If you jumped on the car while it was in motion, you can not recover any damages of the railroad company for the injuries you sustained in falling and having your leg run over and crushed by the car wheel. The fact that the car was not stopped at your signal to the conductor does not make the slightest difference. You was not compelled to jump upon it before it had stopped. You took your course voluntarily, and of course you took it at your own risk, and must abide the consequences.

ESSICA.—In order to come to a conclusion as to whether it would be proper for you to go to concerts and other places of amusement with other gentlemen in the absence of him to whom you are engaged, just consider what you would think of *his* going to similar places with other young ladies, in *your* absence; and then do by him as you would wish to have him do by you, under the same circumstances.

NIOLAC.—We agree with you that in the sentence "suffering the *privations* of home," the word "privations" is used in an unusual manner and with a forced construction. The use of the word in such a sentence as, "suffering the privations of the camp," would be the usual one. The "privations of home," would indicate that home was a most uncomfortable place.

1776.—You should exhibit a more charitable feeling towards your neighbors. We decline to publish the lampoon you send us on the superintendent of the Sabbath school. We have no means of judging of the soundness of *his* religion, but you have satisfied us that *yours* is of rather a poor quality.

J. F.—You could learn to *read* the French language by yourself; but you could not learn to speak it, with anything like correctness, without a teacher.

H. F. W., Syracuse, Mo., sends us the following. He says:—"A LEDGER querist, J. T. M., of California, says that a person in travelling around the earth in a westerly direction, will find, on arriving at his starting point, that he has lost one day: that is, if he should make the trip in thirty days by his count, thirty-one days would really have elapsed; and J. T. M. does not understand the reason of it. Suppose that he travels as fast as the earth turns, or as the sun appears to go. If he starts from Syracuse, this morning, March 10th, at six o'clock, he will find, on reaching the top of the Rocky Mountains, that it is just six o'clock there. It will be the same when he reaches San Francisco, the Islands of the Pacific, and all other points on the same latitude, at which he may call; and finally, on arriving at Syracuse, the starting place, he will find it still six. The good folks of Syracuse have had a day and night, but he has had no change of time whatever. Although to stationary objects twenty-four hours have passed, and his watch will show the same lapse of time, yet to him it is still sun-rise of March 10th. We take note of time by the passage of the sun. Our time-keepers are regulated by its pace, allowing them to mark twenty-four hours during one revolution. Evidently if the sun should stand still, or if we should accompany it, our time-keepers should stop; time, meaning thereby our notation of it by the movements of the sun, would cease. According to our notation of time the rising of the sun at this latitude, on to-day, is, say at twenty minutes after six; and it is the same at every point on this latitude; although for every degree westward of any given point the sun actually rises four minutes later. The foregoing observations will enable us to solve the difficulty of J. T. M. Travelling westwardly is going with the sun; and although the loss each day may be but small, still, when the entire circuit of the earth is made the loss of the twenty-four hours is just as certain as though the trip had been made with the sun. But as 'figures can not lie,' let us call in their assistance. Suppose that A makes the circuit of the earth, 360 degrees, in 30 days. The sun does the same in 24 hours. A goes 12 degrees in one day; the sun 15 degrees in one hour, or 12 degrees in 48 minutes. So that A will find, at his first camping place, that his watch is 48 minutes too fast: that is, the sun has had to travel that 12 degrees as well as he, and has taken 48 minutes to do it in, and consequently will set that much later there than it does at A's starting place. And during every day of A's journey the sun will set just 48 minutes later at his stopping than at his starting place for that day; and every day he will have to set his watch that much back, in order to have the correct time of that longitude. Now he is travelling for 30 days, and 30 times 48 minutes are 24 hours, or one day. So that although he has seen the sun rise and set 30 times only, yet had he permitted his watch to run without alteration, it would have shown that 31 times 24 hours had actually passed."

S. K. T.—An invalid, and especially one who believes himself to be on the road to death by consumption, should not only consult a physician whenever he wants information concerning any article of diet, or on any point connected with disease, but he should also be guided by his physician's advice, instead of appealing from his decision to that of a stranger. The tone of your letter seems to indicate that you are one of those self-willed persons who never let their health stand in the way of the gratification of their appetites. You say that you *must* eat either game or oysters. That of course settles the matter, no matter what we or your physician may say, and the only thing that can be done is to determine *which* of the two you will indulge your appetite upon. We agree with the physician, that oysters would probably be the least hurtful. In fact, it is said by some authorities that oysters, being of a mild, balsamic and cooling nature, are peculiarly adapted as an article of food to those who are subjected to face flushing, and other feverish symptoms appearing in nervous and irritable or consumptive constitutions, and that they have a tendency to prevent that irritation and heat which occasion the distressing and hacking cough which is developed in an advanced stage of consumption. Some go so far as to say that oysters, with other mild and nourishing diet, will sometimes altogether prevent consumption in persons who, from hereditary causes, are predisposed to that insidious and distressing malady. So, it will probably be safe for you to indulge your fondness for oysters, under the direction and restraints that your physician may impose.

HUMBOLDT.—No one can say with positive accuracy what the hight of the atmosphere is. It is the generally received opinion among men of science that it extends to a hight of about 50 miles; but some maintain that it is only 18 miles high, while a few scientific observers have lately promulgated the theory—indeed, announced it as a fact—that there is a positive refracting medium, of power sufficient sensibly to affect the sun's rays, at a distance of 217 miles above the earth's surface. It is true, as your teacher says, that water will boil at a lower temperature on the top of a high mountain than it will on a level with the sea. The reason of this is, the higher any point is above the level of the sea, the more rarified the air is there and the lighter its pressure on the water, and consequently the more easy it is to cause that agitation of the water which we designate boiling, and which is in fact quite independent of heat, as may be proved by putting cold water under the receiver of an air pump and exhausting the air, when it will boil violently even at the moment it is turning into ice. It is said that the monks of the Great St. Bernard pass (across the Alps) have practical proofs of this fact whenever they attempt to cook meat by boiling it: in any ordinary cooking utensil the water will boil entirely away before becoming hot enough to cook the meat. For this same reason, it is said, they cannot make good tea or coffee at the Convent of the Great St. Bernard, except at great pains and trouble; and consequently those beverages there are usually lukewarm and of a dishwatery quality.

M. T.—We must decline to give you "a critical essay on the life and character—private and professional—of Rufus Choate." That is a fitting theme for some ponderous quarterly review. Your notion that "Mr. Choate was *not* a great lawyer, in the true sense of the term," is about on a par with the notions of those small critics who at long intervals appear in print to prove that "Napoleon was not a great man," or that "Washington was not a great general," or that "Franklin was not a real philosopher." If Rufus Choate was not a great lawyer, then we should like to know who was—"in the true sense of the term."

SUPERLATIVE.—The "old lady" to whom you refer has the best of the argument, as anybody must have, in arguing moral questions, who advocates inflexible integrity in all things. A man who sells one article under the representation that it is another and more valuable article, is guilty of *something*—call it by what name you may—which neither Heaven nor any honest person can look upon without disapprobation. Whether or not you ought to expose such a man to public odium is a question which you must yourself decide, upon a careful analysis of all the circumstances of the case.

W. A. H. puts the following case. He says, "I saw in a paper the other day the following statement: 'If the atmosphere were removed, a ball fired from a cannon would perpetually circulate the earth.' Considerable dispute having arisen among a number of us, as to the truth or falsity of that statement, we agreed to leave it to your superior judgment. So, please tell us how it is." The statement is erroneous. The attraction of gravitation would pull the ball down before it got far on its way around the earth.

ROCHESTER.—The grounds on which you say the young man asks for a release from the marriage engagement are wholly insufficient. As you say, there must be something else, which he has not communicated to you, and this "something else" you ought to find out. A young lady certainly ought not to marry a man who for any reason wishes to be released from his engagement; but the fact of such an engagement having become known, it should not be broken hastily, nor until it can be so done as to prevent any harm coming to the lady therefrom.

CLARABELLE.—It is a generally received principle in the ethics of love, that a girl should not marry a man for whom she does not feel any affection. It is also pretty well established, that when a girl loves one man better than another, but nevertheless marries the latter, that bad consequences are very apt to result.

JOHN G. HALL.—There is but one system of phonetic short-hand, and that is Pitman's—the one to which you refer. You can learn to write phonography fast enough to report speeches without the aid of a teacher; but of course a teacher, for a few lessons even, would be of great advantage to you.

F. J. H., camp near Falmouth, Va.—You, and the other members of the Excelsior Brigade ought to know whether you enlisted for two or three years. We do not know anything about it.

VIOLETTA.—Will some one tell "Violetta" where the Twelfth Regiment of United States Regulars now is, and how to address a letter so it would reach a member of the regiment?

POTOMAC.—A soldier should always obey orders. He has no right to exercise his own discretion in regard to a matter on which he has received specific orders from a superior.

CLERK.—It is no part of a clerk's business to act as house-porter or gardener for his employer.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*